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# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### KING ALFONSO IN ROME

THE Italian visit of the Spanish sovereigns naturally received much attention in the European press and was accompanied by a thrifty crop of rumors and conjectures, some of which doubtless magnified fantastically the real significance of the occasion. To many the visit looked like the first step toward a regrouping of the European Powers. Mussolini is no ardent champion of the League in its present form; but Spain has played a prominent rôle in that organization ever since its inception, as has likewise South America. Some suspect that Italy would like to head a new group of States which would quit the League; but the more likely supposition is that, if League relations formed an important item in the discussions, this was with the design of augmenting and consolidating the influence of Italy and the Spanish-speaking countries in that organization.

We have already referred to rumors of a naval and an aerial understanding between the two countries. This is a subject that has caused disquietude in France, where the conversations between the Spanish and Italian sovereigns and their Premiers at Rome is commonly referred to as 'ending the

War Entente.' Indeed some French strategists imagine that the 'fine Italian hand' directing recent developments in the Mediterranean is, after all, not so much Italian as British, and forecast an encirclement policy affecting France, like that which France has pursued toward Germany.

More businesslike and less visionary topics were certainly discussed at Rome. A special commission is to sit within six months to study measures for a commercial treaty between Italy and Spain, and joint action to promote their foreign trade. This treaty has already been approved by the Italian Cabinet. The projected arrangements will provide for an exchange of raw materials, particularly the importation by Italy of Spanish coal. Italy and Spain produce eighty per cent of the world's olive oil and control the European market for oranges and lemons. Both countries will profit by adopting a common price-fixing and export policy for these commodities.

Alfonso is reported to have presented several requests at the Vatican. The most interesting of these, from the American point of view, was his demand that the number of cardinals from Latin America be augmented. This is a delicate question, according to the Rome correspondent of the

*Journal de Genève*, 'because the Holy See does not wish to offend the United States, which has two representatives in the Sacred College and desires to retain its present preponderance.'

In assuming the rôle of spokesman for Latin America, the Spanish sovereign was acting in accord with a conscious policy — followed in his country by labor unions, commercial organizations, and universities, as well as Crown and Church — that seeks to make Spain the moral and cultural head of Latin America. The *London Times* believes his interest in the question of the South American cardinals is 'flattering to the Spanish peoples across the ocean, as it is pleasing to the Catholic population of Spain; but there seems a possibility that it may not prove wholly free from objection in the eyes of some among the politicians and the statesmen of the South American republics.'

Some Balkan papers seem to welcome the prospect of a Spanish-Italian Alliance, under the impression that it will give a Western orientation to Italy's foreign policies, and thus relieve the pressure of that country upon Eastern Europe — particularly Yugoslavia. However, Italy has not relaxed her efforts to secure a firm foothold in the markets of Southern Russia and the Caucasus, and is even rumored to be seeking important commercial and development concessions in Turkey, rivaling those of the Chester promoters.

The *Daily Telegraph* considered that the Spanish royal visit launched a Latin union. A popular poster in Rome was a Roman lictor's ax with fasces, standing above the waves of the Mediterranean, with 'Spain-Italy' inscribed on the leaves of the laurel wreath around it. The same paper ventured this interesting conjecture with regard to the effect of the visit

upon the League, prefacing it with the statement that Mussolini and the Vatican are in close accord: —

The Vatican takes a peculiar attitude toward the League of Nations. It accepts the principle but dislikes the way it has been put into practice. In the League, as at present constituted, there is no place for the Vatican's active participation. A great league of Latin nations dominating the Mediterranean, and reaching over the ocean to the rich and populous republics of South America, appeals to the farseeing statesmen at the Vatican. They know that such a league could not live without the participation of France, 'the eldest daughter of the Church,' who controls the gateway from Spain into Europe, and in her great dominions on the African coast holds the promise of a vast economic development. But France will be approached when the other elements of the 'Latin union' have been brought into line. The wise statesmen at the Vatican think in centuries, and will not be hurried.

It must be confessed that these dreams, if such they be, found little echo in the Italian press. *Le Temps* disposed of the question from the French standpoint as follows: —

The equality of Governments is the foundation of the League of Nations, where Spain and Italy occupy important places. Both have seats in the Council. When Alfonso XIII speaks of 'an intimate and firm union between Italy and Spain' it is natural to suppose that Spain and Italy, being Mediterranean nations, have concluded or are about to conclude a Mediterranean accord. It will be time enough to discuss this when that accord is registered with the League of Nations.

*Le Temps* then suggested that an Anglo-French accord for the defense of the Mediterranean highway will be the natural answer to an accord by other Powers.

As might be expected, this drew a retort from the Fascist press in Italy. *Giornale d'Italia*, expressing the anti-

French sentiment now universal in the newspapers of that country, accused France of seeking to make Italy a pawn in her own game, and of trying to prevent closer relations between Italy and Spain, mainly in order to prevent the expansion of the former country in the Mediterranean.

Meanwhile *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Holy See, took care to reaffirm in a leading article the temporal rights of the Pope, declaring that the wounds of September 20, 1870, are not to be healed by partial remedies. This provoked a prompt counterthrust from the Fascist press, which, of all things, accuses the Vatican of being pro-Nitti. The Fascisti thereupon took revenge by mobbing Nitti's residence in Rome, while he was making a flying visit to that city.

*Serenissimo*, a Mussolini satirical paper, published the following cartoon apropos of the visit. The head of France appears in the distance glowering at reunited Italy and Spain, who are followed by their respective sovereigns and dictators. The legend was 'The same sea bathes us, the same France annoys us.'



#### FRANCE ABROAD AND AT HOME

THE *London Times* of November 20 publishes what are alleged to be complete details of the loans granted by the French Government during the

present year to Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, for the purchase of goods — mainly war materials — in France. Briefly summarized, they are as follows:—

To Poland: 400,000,000 francs, at 5 per cent interest, to be secured by prior claims upon the revenues from the State forests and other sources, and to be expended in the purchase of rolling stock, railway, telegraph, and war material.

To Rumania: 100,000,000 francs, at 5 per cent, guaranteed by export taxes and a priority right on all State revenues, for the purpose of buying war material exclusively in France.

To Yugoslavia: 300,000,000 francs, at 5 per cent, to constitute a second charge on the net receipts from customs and State monopolies, to be expended for railway supplies and rolling stock, telegraph, and military equipment.

*Kurier Polski* published last month the text of a convention just concluded between France and Poland for the exploitation of Poland's petroleum fields. The agreement places the whole industry indirectly under the control of the French Government, through a provision giving Paris the right to prescribe the companies and undertakings that are to enjoy its benefits. Poland is to have first call upon the oil produced in the country, but under terms that will guarantee as far as possible 'that oil companies and refiners get their normal profits.'

Article III provides that no export taxes on oil and oil products shall be levied of such a character as to hamper the free development of the industry and the normal profits of the companies. The Polish Government is to return to the existing companies all rolling stock which it has taken from them for national use.

Article VI provides, 'in order to encourage French capital to participate in

the Polish oil industry, and in view of the advantages granted by the French Government to Poland by various conventions, the Polish Government will in future exempt the companies to which this convention refers from taxes on capital and from participation in eventual forced loans.'

The importance of this provision will be recognized when it is considered that petroleum is the largest industry in Poland, and that French investors are estimated to own one third to one half of the oil property in the country. Naturally no other nation except France — and possibly foreign corporations operating in community with France — will be able to do business in the Polish oil fields so long as this convention is in force.

Rather precise, though probably exaggerated, reports come from France of a remarkable drift toward the Radical Parties. If so, the press, which for the most part trains with the Poincaré Cabinet on its foreign policy, does not reveal the fact. Still, the Radicals are undoubtedly taking heart. Even Malvy, the defeatist accused of treason, has ventured to appear at public ceremonies in the Provinces, and M. Caillaux, though he has not addressed meetings in Paris, was recently received in state by the Denain municipality and addressed all France from that pedestal of coal and steel. He doubtless felt safe there, for more than half the population consists of miners, who control the local government and apparently were not a little gratified to hear the first great public address that the former Premier had delivered for more than six years. M. Caillaux confined himself largely to internal policies, skillfully avoiding expressing any unpopular sympathy for Germany, and is said to have received something of an ovation, although the incident was belittled in the press.

According to the Paris correspondent of the London *Statist*, Poincaré's popularity is waning in the towns, where the public is worried over the steady decline of the franc and the precarious financial prospects of the Government. But the peasants remain loyal to him, and they still decide the fate of parties. 'They are not touched materially by the rise in the cost of living; and it is this rise which is beginning to sap the faith of the townsmen in M. Poincaré's method of dealing with affairs in general and German affairs in particular.'



#### A STOLEN NEWSPAPER

STRIKING pressmen may leave the metropolis of America — and perhaps of the world — without its usual morning and evening papers, but they have hardly achieved the feat of their brethren in Yugoslavia.

No resident of Belgrade — or even temporary visitor who reads the language — can fail to know *Novisti*, the daily which serves an ample and spicy ration of sensation to the good burghesses of that city every week-day evening. But the staff — not only the mechanical force, but the news-writers as well — had a long-standing grievance. They did not like their quarters, which were old and unsanitary. The owners refused to provide better accommodations, and so the whole personnel of the paper migrated as a body to a more attractive location and began to issue a paper in the same style, size, type, and even numbering, as the regular *Novisti*. The only alteration was a concession to the law — adding *Belgrade* to the title.

They have thus practically lifted the paper from the owners, who are apparently unable to interfere, and certainly are unable to continue the publication of the original journal without considerable delay, during which the strikers'



substitute bids fair to kidnap the clientele and prestige of the parent journal.

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#### WHEAT BOUNTIES

A BRITISH farmer writes to *The Nation* and the *Athenæum* denouncing the fallacy of wheat bounties. The proposal was to pay a bounty of two pounds sterling per acre on wheat. This farmer says it might succeed in increasing the wheat acreage, but at the cost of reducing the country 'to a state of prairie farming,' and would compel the farmer 'drastically to reduce his staff and lower his methods of farming.' The writer then proceeds to use Denmark as an illustration of wiser policies:—

In 1860, the plains of Denmark were farmed on the Norfolk system—that of producing large acreages of grain at the cheapest possible cost, and being satisfied with a low yield per acre. After the disastrous German war, Denmark found herself a bankrupt country with only one asset—her land. But, under the prairie system of farming, by no conceivable juggling with figures could her statesmen find any road to renewed prosperity. The solution of her problem is too well known to require emphasizing here. Her leaders carefully considered the problem of what method of farming was going to produce most wealth. They decided rightly in favor of the production of milk and bacon—not barley, rye, or wheat—as their staple crop. The result can almost be described as one of the seven wonders of the world.

A curious situation has arisen, however. Owing to the enormous increase in the fertility of the land by the adoption of these methods, and the fact that her average wheat-yield has risen from about 25 bushels per acre to 50, greater quantities of grain, which is now merely a by-product, are available for human consumption than ever before. The value of her staple products—milk and bacon—is now greater than the total productive value of her lands under previous conditions.

#### LUDENDORFF'S BAPTISM OF FIRE

Gossip held high carnival over Ludendorff's recent arrest in Munich on account of his connection with the attempted Hitler *Putsch*. Some accounts stated that as soon as the firing began he fell flat, according to good military precedent, and was not persuaded to resume the perilous perpendicular until the danger was over and he was already under arrest. However, what the *Prager Tagblatt* states to be an 'unimpeachable authority,' a man who stood at Ludendorff's side at the time, gives the following alleged authentic version of the incident:—

A police detachment with shouldered arms was drawn up diagonally across the street. The insurgent procession, headed by Hitler and Ludendorff, advanced within twenty yards of this barrier. Thereupon Captain Schraut, who had stepped a few paces in advance of his men, shouted to Hitler: 'Halt, and disperse your procession!' Hitler shouted back without stopping: 'Join us! We're going to the Palace! All Bavaria is with us!' In fact, a few of the policemen on the left were misled by this statement and started to join Hitler's column. But Captain Schraut restored order among his people by a gesture, and shouted energetically to the advancing men: 'I shan't argue with you! Halt where you are!'

At that very moment someone from the Hitler party fired without order, and Captain Schraut fell dead upon the pavement. Several policemen immediately began firing, also without any command; then the Hitler men replied. . . . Immediately everything was in a turmoil. The Hitler people, who were armed only with revolvers, scattered in all directions. Hitler was dragged back by some of his followers. Ludendorff, accompanied by one civilian and in a state of great excitement, approached the policemen who were firing and shouted in a piercing voice: 'Cease firing! It's all over!' Then he joined a

police officer standing in the second rank. The firing stopped at once, and I saw Ludendorff and several police officers get into an automobile waiting behind the police detachment, and leave. The whole thing took only a few seconds.

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## MINOR NOTES

A RECENT report has it that General Ostromoff, the 'White' director of the Chinese Eastern Railway, who was recently given a furlough, will not return to his post. The Mukden dictator, Chang Tso-lin, and the Moscow Government have reached an agreement by which the road will be put under Soviet control, an engineer-commissar named Ivanoff having been dispatched to the Far East from Moscow as manager.

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## CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

*Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning* forecasts the possible outcome of the return of the Crown Prince to Germany in a cartoon illustrating President Ebert restoring the latter's picture to the Palace wall.



'Hanging up the picture of the Crown Prince?'

'Yes. You never can tell. He might pay us a visit.'

Europe and America, according to M. D. de Champs, the cartoonist of *Humanité*, have drifted into an attitude of isolation 'by no means splendid,' which he depicts as follows:—



*Le Progrès Civique*, whose sympathies are Progressive-Radical, ventures into the precarious field of preëlection prophecy nearly six months before the event, with a cartoon that presumably exaggerates the reported reaction against the National Bloc among the rank and file of the French voters.



*L'Asino* celebrates the visit of the King of Spain to Rome with the following cartoon:—



ALFONSO: At last I've got a strong Government like yours.

VICTOR: My heartfelt sympathy!

# THE RHINELAND REPUBLIC

BY STEPHEN VALOT

From *L'Europe Nouvelle*, November 10  
(PARIS LIBERAL FOREIGN-AFFAIRS WEEKLY)

WE cannot consider the secession movement in the Rhine country a simple accident, a passing paroxysm, a superficial agitation that may pass tomorrow. There is something behind it, because it persists and grows. On the other hand, recent events, even those most favorable for the movement, have proved beyond question that it does not express the general aspiration of the people, and that there is no such thing as a distinct Rhenish patriotism. Had this sentiment really existed, the movement — which honestly forces us to confess has encountered no real resistance — would be master of the Rhineland to-day. Nevertheless, were the Rhineland Republic merely the bold enterprise of a few adventurers, their efforts, even with the prudent but unquestioned partiality shown them by the Occupation authorities, — at least in the French zone, — would never have been able to breach the bureaucratic armor of old Rhenish Prussia.

So this movement must be reckoned with. It is a nucleus in chaos around which a new order is crystallizing, although we cannot yet see what contours it will assume. Separatism is one of the factors in the problem — a factor the future importance of which will depend in no slight degree upon the public sentiment of Europe. It is therefore a factor that we should study thoroughly, in order that we may know its advantages and disadvantages, its strength and its weakness.

Let me say at once that the Separatist

movement can never wash its hands clean of one original stain — it is the fruit of foreign intervention. There was no autonomist agitation, no party, no aspiration, no tradition that might contain the germ of a Rhenish patriotism, when General Mangin at Wiesbaden invented Doctor Dorten and the Separatist movement. Neither defeat nor revolution, two ruthless destroyers of unity, had made the slightest visible fracture in the granite block of the former Empire. The General, an old soldier, honestly convinced that the open or disguised possession of the left bank of the Rhine was vitally necessary for France, tried to get by political intrigue a frontier that victory had denied his country. All the world knows how his enterprise failed, how General Mangin was disavowed and called home, how Doctor Dorten, after a fraction of a second in the spotlight, returned to his obscurity, followed by the execrations of his fellow countrymen.

Now, more than three years later, in July 1923, a new secession movement breaks out abruptly, without premonitory symptoms. The foreign cutting grafted on the old German branch in 1920, which we all supposed dead, has suddenly budded!

There are three Autonomist parties in the Rhineland. The first is Dorten's. He still lives at Wiesbaden, distrusted by his compatriots, kept at a distance by the Occupation authorities, decidedly chastened by his misadventure with Mangin, and coolly received at

Paris. A little farther north, Smeets, an adventurous young fellow, crazy-headed, wounded during the war and never quite recovered, is agitating in the rural communities and villages along the middle Rhine between Mainz and Cologne. His principal backer is a Catholic priest named Kremer, a sort of apostle, afire with Biblical eloquence and harking back to the almost forgotten shibboleths of the old religious wars.

Last of all is Matthes, who is working in the Düsseldorf district. He is a sturdy condottiere, a natural leader, cut out to be a popular tribune and a warrior chief. No one knows whence he came. Some say he was a school-teacher; others that he was a country editor. In any case he is not a native of the Rhine country. He comes from Bavaria. He managed to get money from some source to set up a little newspaper at Düsseldorf, which he called *Free Rhineland*, and began to agitate for autonomy in the surrounding industrial district and the Ruhr. For a considerable period his activities attracted little notice. Then people woke up one morning to find that the three Autonomist parties had united. They held a joint meeting at Mainz, concerning which the principal Paris papers made a great ado. All the leaders were there. They embraced, renounced their personal differences, promised to work in brotherly union, and organized a United Rhenish Party.

This began a period of intensive propaganda. Every Sunday mass-meetings were held at Bonn, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Düsseldorf. Processions were organized. Free railway trains, provided by the French and Belgian authorities, brought people from all directions. Everywhere the Autonomists met serried ranks of enemies — Nationalists and Communists united by common hatred of the secessionists,

government police, National Guards, Green Police — all agents and supporters of the existing local administration, who sought an excuse to crush them. Naturally disorders ensued. At Düsseldorf the Communists and the Nationalists invaded the Tonhalle, where the Rhine people were to hold a meeting, and the Autonomists were forced to fight for possession. At Aix-la-Chapelle a Separatist leader was struck down with a dagger on the public street. Rhenish partisans seized the assailant and hung him to a lamp-post by his own belt; but the police cut him down in time to save his life.

Still the movement made slow headway. To be sure, a big 'Rhineland anniversary,' held at Düsseldorf on September 30, brought together at Hindenburgwall fifteen thousand demonstrators, who marched in long procession behind green, blue, and red banners. But the only result was a 'blood bath' where the 'Schupos' killed or wounded a hundred people. The Autonomists dispersed without attempting to seize the local government, as they could easily have done that evening, and again the movement seemed to subside.

But only three weeks later the world was startled by the report that a Rhenish Republic had been proclaimed at Aix-la-Chapelle. Correspondents flocked thither from every corner of Europe and America. They found red posters in the streets, Rhenish flags on the Rathaus, the Reichsbank, and the Hôtel des Postes, and a little hectic fellow, his face haggard by two sleepless nights, signing papers in rapid succession in the Hôtel office. It was Deckers, who represented the new Government. He was a manufacturer who had failed in business and had become a pharmacist. He had no property, no prestige, no prominence. But he had staked everything on revo-

lution — and succeeded. Now others must follow his lead.

Events did follow in quick succession. Herr von Metzen arrived as a representative of Matthes. Matthes himself was at Düren, setting up a revolutionary headquarters. Rhenish guards were recruited. München-Gladbach and Krefeld were seized without a struggle. Bonn was invaded with temporary success. But the Schupos at Aix-la-Chapelle, who had not been disarmed, made a counter-attack. Deckers put up a weak resistance. The Rhinelanders lost the Rathaus at Aix-la-Chapelle, and an attempt upon Mainz fizzled. An attack upon the Town Hall at Koblenz failed.

None the less, the movement continued to spread. New recruits came in. Matthes was able to realize his dream and equip his guards with green caps. He set up his headquarters in a printing-office at Koblenz. From there it was but a single step to installing himself in the old Castle, where he had sworn to set up his Provisional Government. He kept his word and assaulted and captured the place one moonlight night. Kremer was at his side, his cassock girded up, fighting in the thick of the *mêlée*, howling Biblical curses at his enemies, and carrying the Rhenish flag over his shoulder.

That was the apogee. A Provisional Government was sworn in. Matthes assumed the title of Chief Executive, pending the arrival of Dorten, who was sulking at Wiesbaden. Herr von Metzen became Minister of Foreign Affairs and Commerce. Kremer was to be Minister of Public Instruction. An energetic young engineer named Wolterhoff was made Minister of Finance, with ample prospective leisure to learn his new trade before he had any finances to administer.

Indeed, the treasury of the Rhenish Republic is empty, and we can well

understand that its champions are considerably preoccupied with this problem. Up to the present, to be sure, they have had few expenses. The Party professes to live on the subscriptions of its members. It has been charged with receiving underhand subventions from France, although it denies this. There is no doubt, however, that some of its leaders, for example Herr von Metzen, have devoted their personal fortunes to the cause. This Herr von Metzen is a curious figure. He was formerly Krupp's agent in Belgium and in the Balkans. He is refined, highly educated, speaks every language in Europe, and combines the practical business man with the idealist. He is the clearest thinker associated with the movement, and probably is its most disinterested apostle.

Even should the revolution succeed, it has no future without money. At first, the Separatist movement was a matter of speech-making, then an affair of Brownings. It is now entering the era of loans and taxes. Its first resource, though a most precarious one, will doubtless be the note-press. But the Autonomists have so far manifested great reluctance to seize either arms or money. At Aix-la-Chapelle Deckers secured from the Prefect of Police an order to the Schupos to surrender their arms. But when the porter at the barracks stupidly asserted that he did not know where they were, the order was not executed. The next morning the Schupos seized their Mausers and used them to good purpose.

There is equal hesitation to resort to the printing press for emergency currency. It was not until after the rising of November that the Autonomists seized a few truckloads of paper marks. Most of their arms were taken when they captured the Castle at Koblenz.



But even now they have no serviceable cartridges for them.

The Rhenish guards have been misrepresented in several respects. They do consist mostly of young people, like most revolutionary groups. Some are street gamins. None the less, old veterans are found among them. Properly equipped and uniformed, they would be fair average troops — especially if they were also well fed. But how can they be well fed in the Rhineland of to-day!

As it is, these young revolutionists must draw their belts one notch tighter every evening. They may do so cheerfully, for privation and hunger are their best allies. A happy, flourishing Rhineland would not have let the Separatist movement live two days. A famished Rhineland, desperate, betrayed by Berlin, anxiously scanning every horizon for salvation, will gamble on the faintest chance of a rescue, from whatever source. This the leaders of the movement know full well. Their speeches, their articles, their posters never appeal to Rhenish patriotism, for they know it does not exist. They promise *Brot, Arbeit, Friede* — bread, work, peace. If they can give these, their success is assured — they will own the Rhineland.

About the middle of September Herr von Metzen visited Paris. He brought a definite programme, signed and sealed by the leaders of ten thousand miners in the Duisburg-Ruhrort district, declaring they were ready to resume work. The coal they mined was to be divided into three equal portions, one to apply on Reparations, another for domestic consumption, a third to enable the beet-sugar factories to resume operation, for the beets were being harvested and the peasants feared that they would rot. Herr von Metzen hoped that the Autonomist Party might in this way revive business in

the Ruhr and provide its people with labor and with bread. He already had a scheme for winning over the railway men and putting all the lines in operation.

But just then Stresemann announced that passive resistance would cease, and our business leaders turned a deaf ear to this proposal. Herr von Metzen found his errand fruitless, and was unable even to get an interview with Poincaré. This illustrates the attitude of the French Government toward the whole Rhineland agitation. It is leaving things in the hands of the Occupation authorities. The latter, keenly aware that if they blunder it will cost them their heads, exercise great caution.

As soon as the Rhenish Republic was set up at Koblenz its officers besieged our High Commissioner, M. Tirard, for recognition; but they were not able to budge him from his position: 'Wherever you get control of the local government, I shall take note of the fact and hold you responsible for maintaining order. Don't ask anything more.'

Hitherto the Allied troops have intervened only when it looked as if the Rhineland partisans were about to suffer a reverse. For instance, at Aix-la-Chapelle a Belgian sentinel stopped proceedings just when the Schupos were entering Deckers's room through the window. The Schupos take such intervention as a matter of course, and never offer resistance to the French or Belgian gendarmes.

To be sure, the Belgians made a sudden volte-face just when things seemed to be going best for the Rhinelanders. Various reasons have been given for this, the most likely being that the Belgians were impressed by the intractable opposition of the English. In fact, England will have nothing to do with a Rhenish Republic. Mat-

thes and his friends knew from the first that they could expect no aid from the British, but they did think that they could count upon the Belgians.

Possibly Herr Matthes suspects that the Belgians and the English tolerated the Deckers uprising in order to checkmate his own plan, which was to come

to a head two weeks later. But it is not necessary to impute such Machiavellian policy to anybody. The Rhenish Republic will not survive unless it provides 'bread, work, and peace.' The beginning of all these is a sound and stable currency. This is beyond its power without Allied aid.

## AMONG THE GERMAN FASCISTI

BY A. H. Z.

From the *Neue Freie Presse*, November 11  
(VIENNA NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

FROM Coburg a branch railway runs to the idyllic little town of Neustadt, on the frontier between Bavaria and Thuringia. Most of the passengers are peasants who have errands in town, but just now Bavarian Irregulars share the carriages with them. The latter are Hitler's men, belonging to the detachments stationed on the border, and recently supposed to be threatening all northern Germany.

Although that fear is now considerably allayed, a few words with the working people here make the imminence of civil war seem a very near and ghastly thing. I talked with several of them at Coburg. The substance of what they said was: 'Just let these fellows start something. We shall not provoke them; we shan't begin anything ourselves. But if they break loose we shall not leave one of them alive.'

Happily, so far the Hitler people have pursued the same policy as their adversaries — they have not started anything, but have waited for the workers to begin. They are wise in this, for their bands here in the Thuringian forests are not capable of much in the

way of serious fighting. They consist almost entirely of young fellows from sixteen to nineteen years old — boys from the secondary schools who have run away from home, and young university students with the most fantastic ideas of public affairs and politics. There are very few workingmen or unemployed among these troops, for those who report for duty are expected to bring with them their own uniforms and, above all, their own boots.

Our little train jogs on from station to station in the easy-going way characteristic of this part of Germany. A fat old peasant woman, an unhealthy-looking youth with a haggard face and threadbare garments, and three Hitler Guards, loaded down with mail and parcels from the neighboring town, share my compartment. The latter are very young, fresh-faced, well-fed, well-developed boys. Their manners mark them as of good families. They wear high-grade, substantial shoes, and uniforms that were evidently made to order. Each one has almost more bundles than he can carry.

They open and repack their things

on the car: butter, ham, fine white bread, cakes of chocolate, and dainties to make one's mouth water. They fall to at once with their great clasp-knives, and eat heartily with the sound appetite of youth.

Just now, let me say, butter costs 340,000,000,000 marks a pound, ham 420,000,000,000 marks, and black bread 140,000,000,000 marks. Evidently nothing is too good for the Hitler Guards. The haggard young fellow in the threadbare suit surveys the jolly young trenchermen with envious eyes, and mutters to himself: 'Yes, yes, these are the days for them.' And I confess I secretly share his feelings.

'The Jews are to blame for the whole thing, *mei Liaber*,' one youngster says, thrusting into his mouth a piece of chocolate so huge that it effectively stops further flow of political wisdom for several seconds. I take advantage of his enforced silence to ask one of his companions where I can get lodgings in Neustadt. The boys think it will prove difficult. They ask me whence I come. I tell them that I have come from northern Germany to see what the situation is.

'Ah, then, you are a Steel Helmet man, or one of the Young German Order fellows?'

I am obliged to answer in the negative, for the Steel Helmet Union is forbidden in northern Germany, and I am too old to be eligible to the Young German Order. Under some conditions I should not be indisposed to join.

In that case, I am welcome to come 'with the rest of the fellows' to the provisional Fascist barracks at the Court House. I can sleep there to-night in any case. It would be the only way to get a bed on 'the front.' I gladly agree. No one asks me for my credentials. Our little train stops; the guard shouts, 'Neustadt!' We get out, and as I have only my knapsack to carry I

offer to help the three boys with their packages — a service they gratefully accept. So we sally forth from the little railway station into the already darkening streets.

At first I noticed little evidence that anything unusual was on foot. People with careworn faces were making purchases in the shops, and I caught fragments of conversation about the exorbitant cost of everything, and saw evidences of undernourishment and privation, such as one sees everywhere to-day. It was not until we reached the market place in the principal business street that the Hitler Guards were much in evidence. Their baggage wagons were parked by the curb, and young men in uniform were strolling about ostentatiously. Suddenly a staccato roar of motors was audible in the distance, a glare of headlights flooded the avenue from a side street, and four motor-cycles whizzed past at top speed. They were the latest model American twelve-horsepower Indians, with reserve wheels at the side. All four riders were in full uniform, with rifles swung on their backs and hand grenades hanging from their belts. Two sped on; two others halted so quickly that sparks flew from their machines, while the motors continued to chug away. One whistled a signal; a blond girl's head was thrust out of a window. There was waving of hands, and one of the lads sprang off his wheel and ran inside the house.

We reached the Court House. The Hitler flag — black, white, and red, with a black swastika cross on a white field — was flying from the flagstaff. A double guard with shouldered rifles stood in front. We entered without being challenged. In the hallways and in the different rooms, whose doors were wide open, I saw boxes of hand grenades, heavy and light machine-

guns, motor-cycles, cases of star shells, and cases of revolvers. My companions took me to the Adjutant's office. The Adjutant, a Lieutenant Sch——, was a handsome, slender young fellow from Berlin — I should say about twenty-five years old. He was surprised to see a civilian come in with his men, but a few words explained the situation.

Introductions followed. Soon we were exchanging war reminiscences. He did not see active service until very late — in the beginning of 1918. And this is typical of all the troops here. Neither common soldiers nor officers, with a single exception, saw actual fighting in the World War. They all belong to the 'younger classes,' as we should have said in the old army, and this playing at war is their first military experience. As an old veteran I watched their goings-on with critical eyes, and began to point out things that seemed wrong to me. For instance, I noticed that the machine-guns were standing with their water coolers filled, so that they would soon get rusty and useless. Discipline was also bad. On the way to the 'barracks' we met a detachment marching in great confusion, 'like a flock of sheep,' as old soldiers say.

The Adjutant was visibly embarrassed, apologized for conditions, and gave me detailed information as to the strength and composition of the forces. Two battalions are stationed at Neustadt and its vicinity. They are all Hitler Guards and Bavarian defense troops. But they are not well equipped, and they have few competent officers and noncommissioned officers. Consequently there is no discipline. The young recruits do as they please, because their few officers are not sufficiently qualified for their positions to command respect.

My young Adjutant argued that discipline is not so important as right

opinions — *Jesinnung*. 'We shan't stop until the Swastika Cross flag flies from the Palace in Berlin.'

I listened to this in silence. The Lieutenant invited me to call with him upon the commander of artillery. That gentleman is quartered in the lower part of the city, so we set out. On the way we passed an officer staggering down the street in a state of utter intoxication. Lieutenant Sch—— remarked: 'That's my rival. That hog thinks he commands my company. In fact, I'm the commander.' So there is apparently much uncertainty even as to who gives orders here.

I found that the artillery officer was an old student who had been an officer in the war. He had never finished his course in the University because he could not pass the examinations. He offered us whiskey: 'D'yuh know, all this studying is nonsense! A lively, wet war is the thing for us fellows.' Angry at heart, I quite agreed that it was true in his case.

The following morning I attended battery drill. The battery consisted of four new German field-guns of 7-7 calibre. As an old field-artillery officer, I saw at once that they were making a fearful mess of it. The orders were not right; the gun crews knew absolutely nothing of their business. I could not keep from saying what I thought. The officer in command acknowledged that things were probably not right. He had just got fairly started on his officer's course when the November Revolution broke out. He asked me if I would take the battery and 'try to do it right.'

I readily agreed, took my position behind the field telescope, found an objective, and shouted, in the good old rasping Prussian officer's dialect: '*Drittes von rechts, Granatenbrennzünder! Anmarschierende Infanterie in Richtung auf den Kirchturm geradeaus.*'

*Zweiunddreissighundert! Eins höher! Schuss!*

I may add with utter certainty that, if a body of real infantry or proletarian hundreds had been approaching from the direction I indicated, they might have been perfectly at rest as to their safety. The only result was that the young officers crowded around me and begged me to stay with them. They would see that I got a major's commission at once. They wanted to carry me off immediately to the brigade headquarters at Bamberg. I must join the officers' corps before sundown, and get my name on the payroll.

I refused, saying that I wanted to go on to Munich, and that I would report to the Chief of Staff there — that I had known him during the war.

'Ah, so you know Ludendorff personally!' An exclamation that gave me a cue to the real men behind the organization.

The attitude of the people toward the irregular troops has changed during the last few days. When the Hitler Guards first marched in the peasants gave them an ovation. 'Thank God you 're here. At last there is somebody to clean out the Reds in Thuringia and Saxony.' To be sure, this district has never suffered in the least from what

happened in Thuringia and Saxony. Popular anger toward these districts has been fanned to a flame by agitators and the press.

But the Hitler Guards did not march against the Reds. They billeted themselves in the villages and the neighboring estates, ate and drank their fill at the cost of the peasants, and are still here. No one knows whence they receive their liberal pay — five gold marks daily for each private soldier, and five hundred gold marks a month for the officers. But the civilian population is already beginning secretly to resent their presence. Whenever two peasants who know each other meet, some such conversation as this is sure to occur: —

'Fine times, these.'

'Yes, fine times indeed.'

After this cautious approach — for everybody distrusts his neighbor and anybody may prove a spy — one of them ejaculates indignantly: —

'They think they are soldiers! They 're nothing but hoboes in uniform!'

'Yes, that 's what they are — hoboes in uniform. And the whole thing 's a monkey circus.'

And my own impression is that the peasants are right.



## THE RIF AND THE RIFIS

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

[The author of these articles recently returned to London from the Rif country, where he had been in touch, not only with the Spanish military authorities, but with the leaders of the Rifis. Paragraphs dealing exclusively with the strategic situation in Morocco have been omitted.]

From the *Morning Post*, October 22, 23, 24  
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

It is hardly credible in this present year of grace that, situated not more than one hundred sea miles from a great hub of maritime activity, — the Straits of Gibraltar, — there should exist a country as completely cut off from communication and from the influence of civilization as if it lay in the very heart of Africa instead of forming, as it does, a small strip of the northwest coast of that great continent. It is in itself a very remarkable fact that a country within a short diversion of one of the great trade-routes of the world should have been able to resist the march of civilization and to have protected its shores successfully against all efforts, peaceful or warlike, to penetrate its unknown and unmapped territories.

It is the last stronghold of the Barbary States, peopled by a fearless and warlike race whose ancestors, centuries ago, struck terror into the hearts of all peaceful merchantmen by daring piratical depredations, extending even as far as the English Channel. The spirit of piracy is not dead yet, and woe betide any sailing vessel which becomes becalmed off the Rif coast. Not for naught do the Admiralty Sailing Directors say 'vessels are warned to give this coast a wide berth, owing to the hostility of the natives.'

The area of the Spanish zone or protectorate is 8800 square miles, or

rather larger than Wales. Of this, about half may be said to be nominally pacified. The central portion of this zone forms the unconquered part of the Rif. It is mountainous and somewhat arid, although fertile plains and valleys exist between the mountain ranges; the climate resembles that of Western Algeria.

In the year 1906 the Great Powers met at Algeciras to define the frontiers of the respective Protectorates. France was in possession of the most valuable part of Morocco, and Spain, by virtue of her geographical position and her occupation of the old sovereign towns of Ceuta and Melilla, was confirmed in her Protectorate of the Rif, an arrangement which has proved a veritable thorn in her side, and has cost her dearly in blood and treasure. The delegates at the Conference of Algeciras were unable to agree about the valuable site of Tangier and the small zone encompassing it, and it was therefore called 'international' — an impossible and impractical arrangement, which has now to be reconsidered and dealt with all over again.

And so the Rifis came *de jure* under the sovereignty of their hereditary enemies. Little was attempted during the Great War to subdue them beyond diplomatic intrigue and persuasion, but in 1919 Spain began to organize

for an advance of troops into the Rif, and the campaign was well under way in 1920.

Instead of taking the bull by the horns and making a frontal attack by sea on the Kabila, which was likely to cause them the most trouble, the Spanish Higher Command elected to fight the Rifi on his own terms, and indulged in a sort of glorified guerrilla warfare. This plan of campaign exactly suited the Rifis, as it is a class of warfare to which they have been accustomed for generations, for every Rifman, as soon as he is old enough to hold a rifle, is trained to defend his home or attack that of his neighbor — a constant state of feud existing between the various Kabilas. Moreover, the geographical and topographical features of the Rif are all against a campaign of this nature. Roads had to be constructed over difficult and mountainous country; long communications had to be held against an intensely mobile foe, past master in the art of sniping and sharpshooting; many districts were without water; all these factors contributing to the difficulties of an advance on the lines chosen by the Spanish Command.

In the spring of 1921 a momentous event occurred which was probably one least of all anticipated by the Spaniards, and which was the combination of the hitherto disunited Kabilas under the leadership of Abdul Krim, who sprang into prominence at this time. His masterful personality and influence had succeeded in sinking all tribal differences and effecting the organization of a formidable fighting force of several thousands strong with which to deal a blow at the slowly advancing Spanish army on the eastern front.

The story of the great Spanish debacle at Anual, in July 1921, and the advance of Abdul Krim's victorious

*harkas* up to the very gates of Melilla, is too well known to need repeating. Suffice to say that, besides being very costly to Spain in casualties and prisoners, it placed elated Rifis in possession of a respectable artillery and vast quantities of small arms and munitions. An even more serious and lasting result of the rout at Anual was the practical demonstration to the Rifis that their success was due to the union of their forces under Abdul Krim. From henceforth Spain had to count on joint organized resistance instead of being able to deal with each Kabila piecemeal, or even to pit one against the other.

Sidi Mohammed Abdul Krim is thickset, of short stature, with a round, pleasant face and piercing brown eyes. He is almost benevolent in appearance. At first sight one might wonder how this mild-looking little man could hold such sway over the recalcitrant tribes of the Rif, but on further acquaintanceship one realizes that he possesses a remarkable personality. He is one of those born leaders who periodically arise among nations to mould their destinies and who imprint their mark upon the world's history.

He is not only a leader but a reformer, and the effect of his rule has been in an almost incredible degree to change the condition of affairs in the Rif itself, a change which can only be fully appreciated by those who knew the country prior to his ascendancy. Accustomed to fierce intertribal warfare, murder, and pillage for generations back; steeped in fanatical Islamism with its attendant conservatism; recognizing neither Sultan nor ruler, one might have thought that reconciliation and reformation were the last things acceptable to the Rifi tribes.

In the beginning of 1921 the conditions prevailing in the Rif did not

differ much from those of two or three hundred years before. The Rifman's house was his fort, constructed of stone with walls of immense thickness and cunningly loopholed for defense. At night the Rifman drove his flock into the courtyard and barred the great wooden door, for he lived in a state of siege and knew not when he might be attacked by marauders, who, it may be added, did not always belong to the tribe with which he was in open feud.

The great reformer, Abdul Krim, has altered all this. The loopholes have been stopped up; no longer is it dangerous to move about at night; neither is it necessary for the Rifman to defend his home and his flocks. Swift justice now follows the murderer or robber. In brief, the administration of Abdul Krim has brought some semblance of law and order into the Rif. Even to the Rifman himself this is a nine days' wonder, and he speaks with pride of his 'government' and of the astonishing safety with which he can now travel. Even the Christian can travel with security in the Rif if he bears the passport of Abdul Krim. Although it was some time before the outlying tribes came into line and recognized Abdul Krim as their chief, the present indications are that he is now practically paramount ruler of the whole of the unconquered Spanish zone, right up the frontier of French Morocco.

Locally Abdul Krim is known as the 'Sultan,' although he is not of princely, or royal, blood — neither has his status any religious significance. There is no pomp or ceremony about Abdul Krim. Dressed as an ordinary Rifman, he administers the affairs of State in a bare whitewashed room in one of the stone houses of Ajdir — within easy reach of the guns of the Spanish fortress of Alhucemas. Here he receives the chiefs of the various Kabilas, and

issues instructions for the assembling of the harkas.

That Abdul Krim has made some effort to run his 'Republic' on constitutional lines is evidenced by the appointment of 'Ministers' to assist him in the administration of the affairs of State. He, of course, acts as President. There is a Prime Minister, a Finance Minister, and a Minister for Foreign Affairs, although it must be remarked that actually these gentlemen are singularly devoid of any responsibility, as they refer all decisions, of even minor importance, to Abdul Krim — and he is equal to deal with them. Judge, politician, and soldier, this versatile dictator does not spare himself, and works sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

This is no fierce and fanatical brigand of the hills — such as the cruelties ascribed to him might lead one to picture — but a man of exceptional intelligence, education, and knowledge of the world — a courteous Moorish gentleman, capable of conversing on any subject you care to mention. He takes a great interest in European politics, regarding which he is extraordinarily well informed. The latest French and Spanish newspapers may be found on his table — even Bolshevik propaganda, translated into Arabic, finds its way to his headquarters. The writer remembers how on one occasion Abdul Krim took exception to an article appearing in one of the leading English newspapers, which he considered was unfair and hostile toward himself. Suffice it to say that he is usually aware of any premeditated offensive on the part of the Spanish forces, and his intelligence department is by no means to be despised.

In the Rif, every man is called upon to serve in the defense of his country without receiving any pay whatsoever, although there is an exception to this

rule in the case of a special battalion formed by Abdul Krim, which acts as his bodyguard, and does police duty. This battalion, consisting of picked men, is drilled, and possesses a flag depicting a star and crescent, similar to the Turkish emblem. The soldiers wear a blue turban, by way of uniform, and are paid at the rate of one peseta, or about sixteen cents, a day.

The system applied for the raising of fighting men is similar to that adopted by the Boers in the Boer War. The *kaid*s, or chiefs, of the Kabilas are responsible to Abdul Krim for the petty chiefs, who, in turn, are responsible for mustering their harkas, or commandos, and keeping them up to strength. Actually, it may be said, the whole man-power of each village or rural district is on the muster rolls, the proportion on duty in the firing line being decided by Abdul Krim, dependent on the exigencies of the situation at the front.

Usually the men are relieved every fortnight, to enable them to carry out their agricultural work at home, the question of physical rest scarcely receiving any consideration from the hardy and indefatigable Rifman, who is of fine physique and capable of great endurance and privation. The boys and old men assist in carrying out guard duties on the coast. Each Rifman is a self-contained fighting unit, always mobilized, and ready to assemble at any given point at a moment's notice. He provides his own rifle, and frequently his own ammunition. His commissariat only supplies rye bread — the staple diet of the country.

The harkas are led by the chiefs of their respective villages, who receive their instructions from Abdul Krim's headquarters. The discipline is not good, as the bulk of the fighting men are untrained, but this is compensated

for by the fierce patriotism which burns in the heart of every Rifman. As individual fighters they are probably second to none, and their marksmanship is of a very high standard. The importance of arms and ammunition — to a country incapable of manufacturing anything of this nature — is reflected in the curious spirit of the fighters, who regard with the greatest admiration any one of their number responsible for the capture of arms and munitions. 'Ah,' you will hear them say, pointing out some individual, 'he is a brave man, he has captured ten rifles.' The fate of the original owners of the rifles is a subject not thought worth comment.

Gun-running on the Rif coast has been a very lucrative business in the past, but since the beginning of last June the Spaniards have instituted an intensive blockade by sea, so that now very little contraband finds its way into the country by this route — or, for that matter, by any other. From time to time aspersions have been cast on the French for allowing contraband to percolate through their frontier. This is an incorrect assumption, and not based on facts, as the French have the very best of reasons for preventing contraband from reaching the Rif, in that the question of their own frontier is not yet settled. . . .

But the French have no desire to quarrel with the Sultan of the Rif at the present moment; in fact one may go so far as to say that a tacit, amicable understanding exists between them, as evidenced by the frequent arrival of French Arab emissaries at Ajdir. Although this cannot be construed into an 'official recognition,' it is evident that the French think well enough of the status of Abdul Krim not to be averse to a little quiet entente. Neither would a rupture with the French suit Abdul Krim. He finds the southern

frontier very convenient as a means of communication with the outside world. Imports into the Rif can only enter via French territory, and the merchants of Fez, Taza, and Taourirt must have good reason to congratulate themselves on the total cessation of trade from Melilla. The Rifi's requirements are few, but such commodities as green tea, sugar, and cotton prints are essentials, and caravans consisting of pack animals laden with this class of merchandise may be met with daily on any of the main trails leading from French Morocco. . . .

The war in Morocco has never been popular with a large section of the Spanish public, and particularly with the Spanish 'Tommy,' who has had to bear the brunt of it. It is openly asserted that the cost in lives and money is not commensurate with the value of the territory to be acquired. Spain has unfortunately got herself into a tangle in the Rif, from which she can only extricate herself by formulating very drastic measures. Will she pay the price? It is for the Spanish nation to say — the decision is hardly within the scope of even a military directory.

## BRITISH HOSTILITY TO FRANCE

*[This article is more significant than might appear to the casual reader, because of its source. The Economist has been consistently — though, in accord with its Conservative traditions, never violently — pro-French during the post-war tension between London and Paris.]*

From the *Economist*, November 17

(LONDON FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL WEEKLY)

If a Frenchman who only knew England during the war were to arrive in London to-day, and were able to see beneath the surface of British public opinion, he would be profoundly shocked at the change of sentiment toward his country which has occurred. We had an opportunity the other day of overhearing the casual conversation of a group of school children, aged ten to thirteen years, who had no real memory of the war. Their remarks took for granted that France was the disturber who was causing international trouble, while toward Germany there was a sort of pity for people who were being harshly treated.

Again in a recent deputation to the Prime Minister, which included men of

all parties and occupations, the spokesman of organized labor observed that the leaders of the Trades-Unions, who recognized gratefully that British diplomacy had been tending in the right direction, had experienced great difficulties in restraining among their followers a tendency toward violent expressions of feeling and bitterness toward France, which would have done no good, would have hampered negotiations and stimulated a corresponding feeling of resentment in France.

We will mention only one other symptom. Mr. Punch has through his long life shown an almost unrivaled aptitude for expressing the general trend of British middle-class opinion. Those who remember the five years'



comradeship in arms between England and France and the deep-rooted feelings which grow from a common sacrifice will appreciate the significance of the following lines addressed to General Smuts which appeared last month over the initials of the Editor of *Punch*:—

Taught by a generous English foe,  
 You hold that wars are won in vain  
 If those who took the knock-out blow  
 Are not allowed to breathe again:  
 Careless of being called 'pro-Hun,'  
 You broadly hint that decent races  
 Who have the enemy down and done  
 Do not proceed to kick their faces.

The change of opinion that these instances symbolize is so important that it is worth while to comment upon its meaning. In the first place, it does not arise in any sense from jealousy, from resentment of any of France's political achievements or any clash of material interests. We cannot think of any important sense in which the people of this country think of the French as rivals. There have undoubtedly been matters over which French and British diplomatists have wrangled, such as oil agreements or the position in the Near East, but British opinion is too much concerned with problems nearer home to be much influenced by such considerations as these. Indeed, in the main it remains profoundly indifferent, and not to say ignorant of such issues.

Inasmuch, however, as it is often suggested that British opinion is influenced by our economic interests, we may distinguish a number of trends of thought. Proceeding from the particular to the general, it may be said first that the iron and steel trade does not consider that its trade would be vitally affected by the future of the Ruhr. If the Ruhr be united to France, and Germany breaks up, British ironmasters will have to meet the competition of the united Rhineland industries.

On the other hand, if the unity of Germany is maintained, it is equally certain that sooner or later the working arrangement of marrying the coal of Westphalia and the ore of Lorraine will come about.

In either case the combination will restore substantially the conditions that prevailed before the war, when nearly the whole of this ore was within the German Customs Union. The severity of competition will not be substantially different either for better or for worse than that of ten years ago.

For the rest there are many industries which will benefit from the restored buying power of Germany, while there are other important ones which will have to fight against its competition. It would be difficult to strike a balance between direct advantages and direct disadvantages in this respect, and in practice opinion is not formed by any nice calculation of this kind.

British opinion on the economic issue is based on a much more general idea, that the condition of Germany, which is one of the three largest trading countries in the world, is holding back economic development in neighboring countries, is throwing out the balance between production and demand in the world markets for food products and raw materials, and is thus a cause of depression in five continents, and is keeping down below the normal the volume of the world's trade. So long as this is the case, the nation which has the largest share of international commerce, and is the world's chief carrier, merchant, and banker, cannot hope to have her people fully employed.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the change in British opinion is mainly based upon economic considerations. The ideas which are blotting out the memory of the war are of a

nonmaterial kind. Among them two main thoughts may be distinguished.

In the first place, the action of France outrages our sense of decency. The whole Ruhr adventure is, we think, not justified by the letter of the Treaty of Versailles; it is certainly contrary to its spirit. Popular instinct, however, is not really much influenced by — being itself largely ignorant of — diplomatic documents. It rather follows its own innate sense of what is fair and right. English people have long resisted any inclination to take what may be called a pro-German attitude, for there is only too much reason to remember the barbarities of the war in almost every English home; but two wrongs do not make a right, and we revolt against the idea, just as we did in 1914, of using force to crush the soul of a people.

The other prevalent idea is that the use of force to break up Germany is bound to fail, and, so far from producing a state of security in Europe, is sowing the seeds of inevitable future war. As a nation sows, so shall it also reap. The break-up of the Austro-

Hungarian Empire was to a large extent a natural process, but even that was carried too far. A few years were sufficient to restore the power of Prussia when crushed by the heel of Napoleon; a divided Germany is certain to reunite at a not distant date. The great units of the future in the continent of Europe are the Germanic peoples of central Europe and the Slavs of the east, and if crude and unregulated force is to be the governing influence in Europe, the position of France is an unenviable one.

In the long run, France's existence must depend upon the support of the nonmaterial strains of world opinion, which saved her in the Great War. True, it was the armed battalions of France which first stood in the way of the onrush of German militarism, but France would have inevitably been crushed if these other influences had not rallied to her support. It is equally true that in the future she cannot hope for permanent security without them. To all friends of France their estrangement is the most sinister feature of the last twelve months.

## THE PRESENT, THE FUTURE, AND THE PAST

BY J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

[*Empire Review, December*]

THE Present is not here. It passed away  
Before you spoke. — So perishes 'To-day.'  
The Future is the Past grown thin and wan.  
— Sudden it leaps upon us and is gone.  
Rolling beneath our feet it turns once more  
And is that living Past it was before.  
So in perpetual change we melt away,  
Only to be renewed another day.

## MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

From the *London Mercury*, August  
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

WHEN Matthew Arnold said that literature was a criticism of life, he made a statement which has been very freely misunderstood and which has, therefore, been perhaps rather more mischievous than otherwise. But he might have been looking forward to an age of transition, which in his time was almost upon the world, of which indeed he was one of the harbingers, and the effect of which, upon literature, has been, in a way, to justify the common misunderstanding of his dictum. He might, that is to say, have foreseen the advent of such authors as Mr. John Galsworthy.

Mr. Galsworthy, whether in the theatre or in the novel, is nothing if not a definite and practical critic of the institutions of modern life. He is, as we shall see, something more than this; but he is this in the first place. Almost everywhere throughout his work two types are strongly contrasted. We have on the one hand the upholder of established institutions, who generally belongs to the 'Haves,' and on the other the rebel or the vagabond, who frequently belongs to the 'Have-nots.' Mr. Galsworthy appears to see life almost exclusively in these terms: these make up the framework of his world. And in this his work accurately reflects the epoch to which he properly belongs: the epoch when the Fabian Society was an almost unseen but much-felt power, when Mr. Granville Barker's heroes aspired to the sober ideal of useful work in municipal politics, when Mr. Wells's undergraduates sat round the fire and discussed the Problem of Sex.

Many problems have vexed the soul of Mr. Galsworthy. He is troubled by the fact that there is in reality one law for the rich and another for the poor; and he has discussed the matter in *The Silver Box*. He is worried by those cohesions of caste which sometimes run counter to truth and justice; and he has brought them out for an airing in *Loyalties*. The problem of the land is a grave one. English agriculture is in a bad way, and so is the population engaged in it: sometimes model landlords are the worst of all, because the very principles which make them exemplary lead them also to be narrow and tyrannous. Mr. Galsworthy goes into this in *The Freelanders*. Industrial unrest is a serious business. There are faults and obstinacies on both sides which, as is demonstrated in *Strife*, bring misery to innocent women and children. Then there is a whole series of discussions of the problem of marriage and divorce. Mr. Galsworthy is passionate in his repeated protests against the fact that a woman may continue to be regarded as the property of a man whom she has ceased to love. This situation provides the most poignant element in the best of all his books. . . .

He is definitely a man who wants certain things done, certain things changed; and, under one aspect, his novels and plays are illustration of his arguments on these points. It used to be the fashion to raise an uproar against an imaginative artist who used his imagination for such a purpose. To me, I confess, it has never seemed that there

was such a dearth of imaginative literature as to make criminal the diversion of a certain amount of power, which might have created a little more, into the service of a specific reform; only the artist himself can judge what is his duty in this respect.

But it may be doubted whether any such choice ever presented itself to Mr. Galsworthy. His propagandist strain is something native and ineradicable in him. It is one of the two motives from which he writes, and it is generally almost equal, sometimes indeed superior, in strength to that which must, from the point of view of pure literature, be considered the better motive. For if we take the 'criticism of life' at the false value which its somewhat clumsy phrasing has invited, then the proper motive of pure literature, a motive which is not lacking in Mr. Galsworthy's work, is the appreciation of life. That he does write from this motive is sufficiently proved by the remarkable fact that his upholders of established institutions — the very persons against whom, from his other motive, his lance is constantly directed — are generally the most artistically satisfying and often even personally the most attractive of his characters. To this fact I must later return; at present I leave it as convincing evidence that the artist, however intermixed with another personality, is alive enough in Mr. Galsworthy.

That other personality, however, does exist side by side with the artist and does hamper him. This is nowhere more visible than in the plays. Mr. Galsworthy has somewhere said that it may be that, whether from inexperience or from want of aptitude, he moves with a sort of cramped action on the stage. This is not obvious, to me at least. *The Silver Box*, *Justice*, *Loyalties* — to take three pieces at random — are excellent examples of

dramatic carpentry, which successfully hold the attention of an audience; it is less with their execution than with the ideas expressed by them that it is possible to quarrel.

*The Silver Box* and *Justice* are probably the plays which have earned Mr. Galsworthy his reputation of being the most thoroughgoing realist among English writers; and these pieces are undoubtedly influenced by the German realists, such as Arno Holz and Gerhart Hauptmann. Ibsen, in so far as he was a realist at all, was a realist of the middle classes; and he always had a plot, told a story, and dealt with exceptional people. The Germans, with *Vor Sonnenaufgang* and *Führmann Henschel*, took a header into the life of the masses. Moreover, it was their aim to illustrate the texture of ordinary life by means of typical examples.

So Mr. Galsworthy in these two plays. In the first of them he takes an undistinguished police-court case and says in effect: Now let us see what really did happen. According to Mr. Galsworthy's report of his researches what really did happen was this. Jack Barthwick, the young and foolish son of a respectable Liberal member of Parliament, after a night out with a doubtful young woman, steals her purse in a fit of drunken spite and returns home incapable of using his latchkey. A drunken loiterer named Jones helps him in, and, after a drink or two, and after hearing Jack boast about how he has 'scored off' his mistress, makes off with the purse and with a silver box to score *him* off — Jack having previously drunkenly invited him to 'take anything you like.'

Now it so happens that Mrs. Jones is employed as a charwoman in the house of the Barthwicks, and suspicion falls on her of having stolen the box. A detective is sent to her lodging and finds it there, and she is arrested. Jones

confesses to the theft and gives himself up. Meanwhile Jack's young woman has called at the house to reclaim her money, and thus her existence and the affair of the purse have become known to the scandalized senior Barthwick. The last scene is in the police court; and, thanks to the adroitness of Barthwick's solicitor, Jones gets one month's hard labor without the whole story being told. Thus it is shown that there is one law for the rich and respectable and another for the poor and suspect.

On all this there is one first comment to be made: that, the purse having been found on Jones and mentioned in court, it is unlikely that the magistrate would have altogether suppressed Jones's cry when Jack is in the witness box, 'You ask *'im* what made *'im* take the —' However, it might have happened. There is a similar hardship in *Justice*, where Falder's plea of the temptation under which he committed forgery is turned against him by the judge. This is another typical sample of life. Falder, who is anything but a real criminal by nature, is led into crime by weakness and circumstances, suffers in prison out of all proportion to his guilt, is unable to recover his place in the world, and finally leaves the world altogether by way of a high staircase, down which he throws himself.

These are typical examples of life, so Mr. Galsworthy would have us believe. But of course they are not; and of course, a Forsyte might say, they are the hard cases which make good law. These plays do call attention to certain possible abuses of our social system. They proclaim that in certain cases the rich have a legal advantage over the poor and that in certain cases our antiquated penology confirms in crime those who have entered that career only by an accident. But, because they exaggerate, they are not good art; and,

because they exaggerate, they are dangerous argument.

When Mr. Galsworthy writes for the theatre, his humanitarian sentiment runs away with him. These plays do not present typical, everyday cases: therefore they are faulty as illustrations of political or sociological arguments. They do not show under an extreme strain human nature at its highest: therefore they are faulty as art. Jones and Falder are unhappy accidents: they cannot thoroughly engage our sympathies. Jones is neither the ordinary Jones who walks our streets nor yet Macbeth. Falder, an insignificant person, is promoted to high suffering by chance, a chance which does not visit one person in ten thousand. But, knowing this, we cannot take much interest in him as a typical case; and he, being what he is, cannot to any great extent arouse our sympathy with him for his own sake. Mr. Galsworthy falls, here, between two stools. We sympathize with Macbeth, we *appreciate* him, because he is a high expression of human nature under an extreme strain. We might sympathize with Falder if we could think he was Everyman. But he is not, and Mr. Galsworthy does not succeed in making us think that he is.

In all this there is some suggestion that Mr. Galsworthy plays with loaded dice, and I do not find in myself any anxiety to escape from making that imputation. Whether one says 'loaded dice' or 'debating tricks,' it comes to much the same thing; and I contend, quite simply, that in his plays Mr. Galsworthy does not tell the truth. . . .

The plays are almost all efforts of special pleading. They are arguments in favor of particular cases much more exclusively than are the novels. And, of course, special pleading in the theatre is a difficult thing to make effective. The restrained and realistic method



employed by Mr. Galsworthy succeeds as a rule only in making him seem feebly well-meaning. One catches in most of his pieces an echo of Mr. Barthwick's pronouncement in *The Silver Box*: 'If we are not able to do much for them we are bound to have the greatest sympathy with the poor.' And tendentious works of which the upshot is like this do not greatly stir the blood. The fact seems to be that Mr. Galsworthy can only rarely use the better, the life-giving element in his talent on the stage. He is not clumsy, not deficient in craftsmanship, but when he enters the theatre he leaves an essential part of himself behind.

A critic who knew him only in the theatre might be pardoned for thinking him only a well-intentioned and mildly despairing humanitarian. . . . Mr. Galsworthy has fallen many times under the suspicion of belonging to that bleakest and least attractive of all human types — the ascetic who is not a fanatic, the ascetic who leads that life through deficiency, not excess, of temperament. The judgment is correct in so far as he is sometimes an ascetic and never a fanatic. But he is not always an ascetic, and it is important to state what, so far as I know, has never yet been remarked, that few English authors have written so well and with so deep a gusto on the subject of food. There is, to be sure, often an ironic purpose, and an ironic flavor in his description of an elaborate menu. Swithin Forsyte, giving the last touches to his dinner party, says, 'Adolf, the least touch of the West India when you come to the ham.' It is satirical, but the author's pen seems involuntarily to vibrate in sympathy. No ascetic, whether by excess or deficiency, could have imagined that speech. . . .

Now it will be observed that none of these exhibitions of gustatory expertise is gratuitously introduced; I do not

suppose that Mr. Galsworthy will ever write a cookery-book or a handbook for gourmets. Every meal in his works — and there are usually many — has its due place in a patent exposition of character and motive. And it may seem that in insisting on this point I am forcing on Mr. Galsworthy a grossness which is altogether my own. But I contend in the first place that, for whatever purpose he uses these remarkable collations, Mr. Galsworthy could not have invented them without himself taking a genuine delight in good food and drink, and in the second place that this emotion is symptomatic of the element in his talent which enables him to write novels of the first rank. To return to a phrase used earlier in this essay — he *appreciates* life.

Three out of the four examples given above come from the dispersed and irregular work to which its author gives the title of *The Forsyte Saga*. In this title there is an element of an irony, which is not in Mr. Galsworthy's happiest vein, though he knows the objections to which it is open and has defended it, but which is not worth disputing here. The title is not of great importance, though perhaps that given to the first section of the work, *The Man of Property*, might most suitably have described the whole. Property is in our community a magical word, a centre of all the fighting of modern civilization. Mr. Galsworthy revolts against its implications; Mr. Belloc holds that the instinct for it is something instinctive and rightly ineradicable in human nature. But Mr. Galsworthy is too good an artist not to realize the richness of life, of living power, which has, during thousands and thousands of years, built up his institution and still maintains it. The Forsytes are, for him, symbols of the property-holding class, and 'the figure of Irene, never, as the reader may

possibly have noticed, present, except through the senses of other characters, is a concretion of disturbing Beauty impinging on a possessive world.'

The general character of Mr. Galsworthy's work in fiction might be exemplified from other books; but this is, I think, immeasurably the best of all, his most weighty, and a most weighty, contribution to modern literature. It enjoys one considerable advantage over most of the others: there is in it no *raisonneur* on the side of liberty. It must be confessed that Courtier, in *The Patrician*, and Gregory Vigil, in *The Country House*, grow a little tedious with their well-intentioned harangues. But in *The Forsyte Saga* we have the Forsytes on the one side and Irene, unconscious, involuntary symbol of a whole element of life, on the other. Irene is indisputably Mr. Galsworthy's best 'concretion' of that element in life which does not uphold established institutions, and will not submit to them. She is magic, she is beauty, she is love; and, as her creator remarks, she is 'never present except through the senses of other characters.' Or, as M. André Chevrillon says in his admirable essay on Mr. Galsworthy, she and her lover remain in the wings while their shadows are projected on to the stage.

Mr. Galsworthy's heroes are generally failures when he lets them get into the middle of the stage. Apparently he is a fair-minded man who has by an intellectual decision adopted the humanitarian and progressive side; and, as fair-minded men often do, he has studied, and states, the case of his

antagonists with more curiosity and gusto than he gives to his own. Hence it is his Philistines and reactionaries, like Swithin Forsyte and George Pendyce, his ducks who are lame because of their own unlovely temperaments, like Soames Forsyte, his practical pests of society, like the unscrupulous old robber, Sylvanus Heythorp, who dominate his work and give it its salt and its vigor. But these characters are, after all, more frequent in modern life and often more interesting than the humanitarians and progressives. Mr. Galsworthy has to his credit a gallery of them, coolly observed and described with exquisite precision.

Luckily in one case he found the exact balance which enabled him to get the very best out of his talent. In writing the separate parts of *The Forsyte Saga*, he pursued the development of the struggle between the forces symbolized by Soames and the forces symbolized by Irene long enough for his talent to grow mellow. And the more he loved Soames the nearer he came to an understanding of that unhappy figure, the better did the balance become.

The essence of such a struggle is that our sympathies should be engaged on both sides; and by the time that he has reached about the thousandth page the reader feels that he has attained the state of knowledge in which either judgment is suspended or else he must assume toward these puppets the prerogative of judgment which with real persons is God's alone. To have brought an invented situation to such a point is no mean feat.

## ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN EXPRESS. IV

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

From *La Stampa*, September 24, October 2, 5, 7, 12, 16, 21, 26  
(TURIN GIOLITTI DAILY)

KARAKHAN first asked me what I thought of the working of the Trans-Siberian, and what I thought of the obstinacy of Europe, America, and Japan in pretending that a postal route which shortens the time between the Orient and Europe by two thirds did not exist. He then handed me a real ambassadorial Havana, and asked me to tell him the small talk of the Lausanne Conference. In fact, the Ambassador manifested a decided homesickness for Europe, and, to tell the truth, for the company of our Entente diplomats. He described how Joffe had failed to establish social relations with the representatives of Europe and America, both in Peking and in Tokyo. He hoped that, in view of the sympathy that Mussolini had shown for Russia, he might at least have the pleasure of meeting privately the Italian Minister at Peking. He wished me to use my good offices to secure that.

Karakhan was taking with him a magnificent sword with a gold hilt set with precious stones, as a present to the Chinese General, Chang Tso-lin, who is the real king of Manchuria, with an army of 500,000 soldiers (*sic*) organized on a European model, and twenty million subjects.

While we were still discussing these interesting topics, on the ninth morning after leaving Moscow, we arrived at Chita. My first impressions of the Far-Eastern capital were of triumphal arches, red banners, music, Buriats playing football in a public square, a gentleman haranguing a crowd, and a

dilapidated droshky that took me to the Central Hotel, where I was given a room the only furniture of which was an empty keg. The landlord comforted me with the assurance that he would provide me with a bed before evening, and suggested a Russian bath after my nine days' railway journey as an appropriate preparation for enjoying that luxury. After my bath I had a really delicious, typically Siberian breakfast. Siberia has everything in abundance. You have only to possess unlimited patience and a reasonable amount of gold and silver to obtain it. My landlord's wife had lived in Florence and spoke Italian. She told me that she, like her husband, had been a political exile. Just before the revolution they ran a big tavern at Petrograd. Now they were in Chita, which is still in the first stages of revolutionary transformation. Only a few days before the hotel had been ransacked by Chinese-Russian soldiers. This explained why the furniture in my room had been reduced to the standards of Diogenes.

Seeing that my bed was likely to be delayed, I took a stroll around the town, where I came across the ruins of the Grand Hotel Select burned by Kolchak's barbarous lieutenant Semenov. As I have said, one meets every type of physiognomy in Asia on the streets of Chita; he also sinks into mud up to his knees. By way of contrast with the precarious footing below, military airplanes were circling above me, and the masts of a great wireless

station were visible in the distance. The city claims a hundred thousand inhabitants, and covers a large area.

I was seized with the unhappy idea of going back to the station to bid good-bye to the rather rickety sleeping-car that had brought me from Moscow, to shake hands with my comrade conductor who had refused a tip, and to verify the information given us on our arrival that another sleeping-car would be ready to-morrow to take us to the Russo-Manchurian frontier, twenty-four hours farther down the line. Instead of finding the new sleeping-car, however, I found a comrade of the Revolutionary Committee who confiscated my passport. In order to recover it I had to roam a good part of the night around the endless railway yards at Chita, from one office to another, hunting for the President of the Committee, who happened to be a locomotive engineer. When the good-natured engine-driver discovered that I was an Italian and a journalist, and that someone had taken away my passport, he lost his temper, scrambled down from his locomotive, hunted up the comrade who had taken it, and handed it back to me with a long harangue about Mussolini, of which I understood but that single word. Then he shook my hand twenty times or more, — including the passport which I still grasped firmly, — shouted 'All right, all right!' in English, and posted off. I went back to the hotel. My luxurious keg was still in my room, but no bed. The landlord's wife, who has been in Florence and from whom I might hope for a touch of sympathy at my distress, was sound asleep. Her husband was likewise snoring deeply. So I passed what was left of the night sitting on my keg.

I no longer had the pleasure of V's company. He had disappeared in search of a cot. His place had been

taken by a strange man, one of those you find only in Siberia, of whom you cannot say whether he is a Russian, a Tatar, a Chinese, a Mongolian, or a Kirghiz. He spoke ten languages; his features betrayed neither his age nor his occupation. I imagined he must have belonged to the G. P. U. He regretted to me the disappearance of the Far-Eastern Republic, perhaps in order to discover my secret sentiments. Having an idea to whom I owed the presence of this guardian angel, I praised the present régime. He assured me that Lord Curzon was a reactionary, but that none the less he had expressed a great truth when he said, 'Whoever does not go forward in the Orient, goes backward,' meaning that it was necessary to encourage the sentiment of independence among the Asiatic masses.

'Who are you anyway?' I asked my new companion, surprised at the breadth and intelligence of his views.

'Who am I? A deported White — and hungry. I was an officer. I am now on my way to join the Chinese army. Can't you help me across the border?'

I assured him that I was not sure of passing the frontier myself, whereupon he relapsed into silence.

At length morning came. Thick fog lay over the plateau. It was bitter cold. A dense crowd was clustered in front of the ticket window at the station. Third-class travelers were served first. They were given numbered seats and numbered berths, but without bedding. Then three — I mean exactly three — second-class passengers were admitted. All the others must pay first-class fare, which is thirty gold rubles for the three hundred kilometres' journey, and travel second class if there was room, because there was not a suggestion of a first-class car on the train. If the travelers who had bought first-class tickets could not find

room in the second class, they went to the third class, where they had no berth allotted them, but sat as best they could on their luggage. That is the way the Bolsheviks run things on the railway from Chita to Manchuria and from Chita to Vladivostok.

With the favor of Heaven, we left only two hours late — a delay occasioned by a conference between Karakhan and the revolutionists in Chita. Six hours from that city, at Krymskaia, the Trans-Siberian forms two branches. The main line follows the valley of the great Amur River, close to the frontier between Russia and Manchuria, to Vladivostok, nearly two thousand miles beyond. The southern branch traverses a very rich district containing valuable mines of gold and coal, to the Chinese border, a hundred and eighty miles farther east. Most of the Russians en route for Vladivostok take this line in preference to the main line that runs entirely through Russian territory, for it shortens the trip by three days. In fact, travel along the Amur branch is still subject to serious interruptions. There are many bridges across that river and its tributaries, all of which were more or less damaged during the civil war, and the train runs very slowly; consequently it takes a week to make the journey by that route from Chita to Vladivostok.

Early the next morning we were due at the Manchurian frontier. All travelers from the West looked forward to this with keen impatience, as if they hoped there to shake off, if not an incubus, at least a secret burden of uneasiness and fear.

Our train proceeded with exasperating deliberation and finally stopped at a miserable little station consisting of a single hut in a treeless plain. It was the last stop in Russia. Eighteen versts more and we should be in China.

After what seemed an interminable delay we again started on the last step of our journey. On the train was a crazy Bolshevik from Moscow, who looked like Gor'kii, had the eyes of a madman, and fairly spat venomous hatred for every European aboard. He proclaimed daily that the Soviet Government ought not to let them travel, ought to make them clean the toilets, and then throw them into the taiga, because they were not worth the lead it would take to shoot them. V told me not to mind the poor fellow, that he had been imprisoned for ten years under the Tsar and had been given a job in the diplomatic service on account of his past suffering. Some of our passengers silently planned to teach him a lesson as soon as we passed the border. A red-faced German from Hamburg muttered something about smashing the fellow's face.

At length the eighteen versts were behind us. We left Russia without the formalities with which I entered its western border, six thousand miles away.

'Long live China!' our Hamburg German, a giant of a man, shouted like a delighted prisoner just out of jail. I thought to myself: 'Now that fellow who looks like Gor'kii will get what's coming to him.' In fact, the two men did meet in the corridor, but the German merely shook the wild-eyed Bolshevik's hand, shouting, '*Tovarishch!*' He was too happy to harbor hatred!

Emerging from the boundless solitudes of the Transbaikalian plateau, and after the squalid little station we had just left on the Russian side of the frontier, we expected to find our next stopping-place much like those we had just passed. Instead of that we gazed out at vast buildings, a dense throng of people, a forest of red banners, and a battalion of Chinese soldiers in spick-and-span new uniforms that would have filled with envy the hearts of an



old-time Imperial German regiment. A band struck up the International, naturally, in honor of Karakhan; and the crowd, composed mostly of Russian sympathizers with the Soviet Government, cheered wildly. We left the train, passed through a magnificent customs-hall, admired the great railway station, and visited a sumptuous restaurant, all the time exclaiming to each other: 'Is n't this fine!' And what a marvelous train stood waiting to take us on next day! The locomotive, with bright nickel everywhere, shone like silver in the sun.

We drove into Manchuria City, which has thirty thousand people, of whom about one half are Russians and the remainder Chinese. It is an attractive, prosperous, well-kept town — the first of a series of Russian cities about twenty-five years old that sprang up along the railway in Manchuria during the last years of the Tsars' régime. The chief of these is Harbin, which is supposed to have nearly a million inhabitants, of whom about one hundred thousand are Russians. It is the capital of this extraordinary autonomous railway zone, largely populated by refugees from Bolshevik terrorism, which extends south to Chang-Chung, where the Japanese railway to Mukden, and from there to Dairen and through Korea, begins.

Manchuria City was too much of a Russian town to produce the impression that we had reached China. All we noted that was distinctively Chinese was carts drawn by coolies, a few Chinese signs, and a sprinkling of Manchus on the street. I stayed here twelve hours and I found myself an object of keen curiosity for several special correspondents of the principal Japanese newspapers who had come to interview the Soviet Ambassador to the Far East. When these Tokyo colleagues discovered me, a new arrival

from Europe, the first herald of the West to cross the entire breadth of Soviet Russia, I was not given a moment's peace. My little room at the hotel — the first well-kept, well-furnished room I had occupied since leaving Central Europe — held at one time no less than eight eager, exigent, sharp-witted interviewers.

They were mainly interested in Mussolini. He is remarkably popular in the Far East; in fact, the Whites along the railway in Manchuria are organizing *fasci* to defend the line against the Chinese. The correspondents also wanted to know if it were true that Soviet control in Siberia did not extend more than three miles either side of the line, and how many times our train had been attacked by Whites. I assured my smiling interviewers that the rumors they had heard about Russia were slightly exaggerated.

'But did n't you have to go hungry?'

'To tell the truth,' I answered, 'in many places the granaries are bursting with the crops, and food is lavishly abundant.'

A chilly silence immediately ensued, and I could see that my interviewers were guessing to themselves the sum the Bolsheviks had paid me to lie for them.

The following afternoon we left for Harbin on a magnificent train where we found ourselves suddenly plunged into the atmosphere of old Imperial Russia. The guards and waiters no longer addressed us with 'Please' and 'Thanks'; they treated us with infinite respect and almost kissed our hands when we gave them tips. In Soviet Russia, a few miles away, a man who gives a tip, or who takes one, runs the risk of spending a night in jail — though I understand that tips are secretly bestowed and received none the less. We traversed a magnificent country covered with forests, and were

told it contains rich deposits of gold and coal. A little over a hundred miles from Manchuria City are the famous Alexandrovka gold mines on the Soviet side of the border, where seventy thousand miners are said to have been employed before the war. Now the number has been reduced to ten thousand miners, most of whom smuggle their gold across into China. When the Japanese expeditionary forces were here, they plundered Alexandrovka, where free gold is so abundant that contrabandists often come into Manchuria City with fifteen or twenty pounds of it in a sack. I am told that there are very rich deposits of radium in the same vicinity.

The first part of the railway after we entered Manchuria is a masterpiece of engineering. We ascended the mountains in long spirals, passing many viaducts and tunnels that recall the

route through St. Gothard. Every station is a fortress, built so that it can easily repel an attack. Russian constabulary, paid by the railway company and wearing the uniform of the old soldiers of the Tsar, were on guard at every place we stopped.

The rich plains of Manchuria, whose population has increased from three or four million to twenty million within a generation, mostly by immigration from China, produce a wealth of wheat and other grains as well as forage. It seldom rains except during one month of the year, when fifty or sixty inches may fall, and disastrous floods are common. This was the case when, after twenty-four hours' travel from Manchuria City, we reached Harbin. The city was half under water, and the automobile that carried me to my hotel splashed through streets that were really running streams.

## THE 'DEVIL'S TRILL' OF TARTINI

BY FELIX DORMANN

*[The following legend is based upon a real romance between this great violinist — the discoverer of 'Tartini's' or the combination tone — and the niece of a Cardinal, whom he secretly married.]*

From *Neue Freie Presse*, November 4  
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

THIS happened in the autumn of 1714. The great violinist Veracini gave a concert. All the nobility of Venice was present to applaud him. The senators and the foremost families of the city vied with one another in complimenting him, and declared him the greatest, nay the only, artist of his time.

Young Giuseppe Tartini was walking

back toward his poor lodging broken in spirit and despairing. He felt the great success of Veracini as a personal slight; for he too was a violinist, obscure to be sure, but burning with ambition and impatiently waiting for his star to rise.

His beautiful beloved, who fled with him from Assisi and for his sake left her

parents, her betrothed, and her good name, tried in vain to comfort him. He repelled her almost brutally. Her pity and love wounded him — he did not care to be comforted. He wanted to be alone with his despair, in a darkness unrelieved by a single ray of light. Fair Maddalena Lombardini retired to her chamber angered and hurt. Tartini was alone; his last remainder of courage failed him and he threw himself on the floor weeping, moaning, and cursing his life of failure.

'I should be a fencing master, a soldier, or a priest as my parents wished, instead of a violinist. How could I, beside a master like Veracini, think of even being noticed? What madness made me plan a concert in the same city, the same week, in the same hall where he played? Had I known that the master was here I should have come at a different time. Now I have spent my money for coming here and hiring the hall, and the concert is announced. All I had is gone — I have staked everything. If I fail, I am lost and so is Maddalena. I must play and win a success —'

He called the waiter and ordered strong wine. He then took out his violin and began to practise. But the tones of the great Veracini stayed in his memory. His own playing seemed cold, soulless. It was empty — no anxiety and no triumph in it, no charm celestial or infernal — just technique and routine. His arms sank in despair and he wept like a little child who does not know what to do.

An early autumn night descended upon Venice. The house was wrapped in deathly stillness. Only once in a while the splash of a belated gondola or the warning cry of a gondolier came from the Canaletto. Faint starlight entered through the open window, only to set off the darkness inside. Hours had passed, perhaps. Young Tartini still

sat in his armchair brooding over his unhappy fate.

A cool breeze and a feeling of someone's presence made him look up. And indeed he saw a stranger who seemed to have risen through the floor. The figure could hardly be discerned in the darkness; the face alone was visible — emaciated, with sardonically curved lips and eyes that burned through the obscurity.

'Who are you and what do you want? How did you come in here?'

'That is of no importance. I did not come here to give you an account of myself, but to ask you some questions.'

There was so much composure and command in the voice of the intruder that Tartini restrained his resentment.

'You are a virtuoso, and you want to become a great artist — rich, famous, celebrated.'

'Yes, I should like to.'

'But your music is cold; you play with your fingers alone, for you have no soul and no heart. That vital vibrating tone that gives life to music you do not possess. There is nothing inexpressible that you want to express. Nothing holds you in its grip, and therefore you cannot grip others. I have listened to your playing — the empty, miserable art of a schoolboy, without personality. They will whistle you off the stage tomorrow, if you dare to appear. You may as well put an end to your career by drowning yourself in the canal.'

A suppressed moan was Tartini's only answer to the pitiless speech of his guest.

'I say — drown yourself in the canal — unless — unless you could decide upon — a certain way out that would ensure your success.'

'Speak!'

The visitor began slowly and hesitatingly: 'Would you be willing to make a sacrifice in order to achieve success with a single stroke and become a great man, a successful man?'

'I am ready for any sacrifice.'

'Even for the greatest of all?'

'Yes.'

'Now, you see, one cannot possess an artist's heart unless one loses his heart as a man. To be exact, not until your heart is trodden upon. Will you let your heart be crushed?'

'I do not understand you.'

'I saw a young woman with you —'

'Yes, it is my beloved.'

'I like her. Will you sacrifice this girl?'

'But I love Maddalena and she loves me.'

'That is exactly what fascinates me.'

'What will happen to her?'

'Did n't I tell you I love her?' — and a devilish grin passed over the haggard features of the stranger. 'You only need say "Yes" and leave the rest to me. I'll manage her so long as you do not stand in my way.'

'But this is a frightful sacrifice to demand of me —'

'Do you want to become famous or not?'

'Yes — but —' Cold sweat stood out on Tartini's brow, and he held fast to a chair to avoid falling. 'And even if I were willing,' he added, 'Maddalena would n't be. She loves me. She followed me of her own free will. She will be unhappy; she will fear you if you only come near her, just as I fear you now. She will resist — everything will be in vain.'

'All this is my part of the deal. I shall know how to break her resistance. I've got the better of any woman, so far. One way or the other!'

An icy chill made the young man shake from head to foot. He whispered almost inaudibly: 'I feel as if I were giving my Maddalena to a devil.'

'Yes, between ourselves, to the Devil,' replied the stranger.

'And who will assure me that I shall not make this monstrous sacrifice in

vain — that it really means my success?'

'My word and this —' here a heavy leather purse, apparently filled with gold ducats, fell at the feet of the violinist. 'But all these are trifles. The essential thing is that to-morrow is your day of triumph, when a great, inspired artist will appear in the place of the cold virtuoso. You will not take Maddalena with you to the concert. You will ask her to stay at home and pray for you. You will lock her up in her room and give me the key. At nine o'clock, while you are playing, I shall enter her room.'

Young Tartini buried his face in his hands. 'What a terrible idea! While I play —'

'Yes, exactly. While you play, your heart will be broken; and out of your broken heart will blossom the crimson flower of true art. So, then, will you sacrifice Maddalena at this price, or not?'

'Yes, I will,' muttered Tartini under his breath.

The visitor departed without a sound, as he had entered.

Once more the nobility of Venice was assembled in the concert hall of the Palazzo Calergi. The orange-yellow light of wax candles glimmered in crystal lustres and, reflected by thousands of facets, fell upon white wigs and bare shoulders. Brocaded gowns rustled, fans softly stirred the air, merry talk and laughter filled the room — and of a sudden all was still. A slender youth with an inspired countenance appeared on the stage, clad in a black festal costume. At first his playing was conventional and shy, and but moderate applause was his reward. But as nine o'clock drew near a strange spirit seemed to take possession of the player. It was as if fire burst forth from his instrument; his music became wilder,

and more and more passionate. He lacerated the hearts of his listeners with a weird and cruel violence. All the anxiety and appeal of love and death were in his music; but there was also despair and a satanic scorn transcending a mere human heart.

The young violinist seemed to be in a trance. His eyes were wide open and stared fixedly into space. The expression of his face changed every second — he laughed and wept at the same time; tears bedecked his violin. He muttered indistinctly and played on. No one knew what he was playing, only that it was wonderful — and apparently an improvisation of his own. Its sounds rose, and then fell, and scattered like a swarm of mischievous elves with shrill laughter that was at once uncanny and charming; and every now and then, amid most tragic passages, sounded a trill of infernal merriment and heart-breaking pain.

While the breathless audience stared at the violinist, he had before his eyes the vision of the stranger entering Maddalena's chamber where she knelt in prayer, and heard her scream: 'The Devil!' He saw the stranger seize the young woman, saw her struggle to the end, and die of bitterness and horror in the arms of the man to whom he himself had delivered her, trading her for his success and fame.

His heart burned and shriveled, and he felt that a devil's paw with sharp claws seized it and mangled it within his breast. He shrieked and sank unconscious on the platform.

A cry of startled concern rose from his fascinated audience. Veracini, the great virtuoso of yesterday, was forgotten. Shouts of 'Tartini! Divine Tartini!' filled the hall. The most beautiful women of Venice crowded around and tried to revive the artist who had

put so much of his soul into his playing that his bodily strength had failed him. The gondola of the lordly Morosini brought him back to his shabby hostelry near the ghetto, which he had left a few hours before an unknown violinist, and to which he now returned as the famous Tartini, the master of his art.

But it seemed to him that years had elapsed since his departure. He crept painfully, rather than walked, up the stairs. Would he find Maddalena still alive in spite of her dishonor? Perhaps that old stranger with the fiery eyes, sardonic smile, and invincible will, was not really the Devil? All the superstitious tales he had heard since childhood flitted through his mind as he toiled up the steps almost fainting with the fever of success, emotion, and exhaustion. Surely only the Devil himself had thrust upon him this monstrous temptation, forcing him to sell his beloved! And the strange music he had just played stood clearly before his eyes; it was nothing short of infernal music — dizzy, luring, devil's trills!

Stepping into his room he found upon his desk a letter over which was placed a lighted wax candle. It was written in Maddalena's hand and read: —

'An old friend of my family, Count Scarpi, had always told me that you were as much of a scoundrel as any other artist, all of whom will cheerfully buy fame even at the price of love. I did not believe him and followed you. I listened behind the door when he spoke to you. I despise you and wish never to see you again. MADDALENA.'

'P. S. Count Scarpi will conduct me to my parents, who, I hope, will forgive me for being so blind as to listen to you and follow you. Be great and happy, if you can. My love for you was once as great as my present contempt.'



# SHAKESPEARE

BY ÉLIE FAURE

*[M. Faure has also written a history of art, which is being translated into English. We regret that space considerations make it imperative for us to cut some of this article, which is itself part of a longer essay.]*

From *La Grande Revue*, October  
(LIBERAL LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE appearance of Shakespeare in the world was a momentous occurrence. His entire creation, his whole excuse for being, his theatre, his own heart from which his theatre sprang, our attitude, all arise from his having separated love from the Christian religion and restored it as a force that drives a man and a woman together, unifying them in a common illusion. Dante devoted human love to his mystical structure, in which it is enveloped like a tiny tabernacle in an immense cathedral. Michelangelo, sinking his love in intellectual anguish, denied this anguish satisfaction. The Venetian painters organized the idea of love into a sensual poem where almost none of its interior drama appeared. Its invisible roots, which should reach far down into the depths of thought and action, its silent orgies, its intuitions and conquests, and its incessant disasters were all neglected.

Shakespeare was the first man to make love the centre and the heart of the universal tragedy, the very blood of this heart and the salt of this blood. I certainly do not believe that Carlyle meant to say that Shakespeare was bringing universal catholicism into reality; but he does do something of the sort, for everything else flows like a stream of lava out of his idea of love: crime, war, justice, conscience, spirituality, law, and God Himself.

I doubt if there is one of Shakespeare's plays, including the historical pieces, in which there is not an episode relating to love, a poignant meditation, an important saying, or at least a profound allusion. In one case these elements justify the bloodiest but most decisive drama in Roman history by making two splendid lovers of a courtesan and a veteran soldier. In at least fifteen plays, not counting the songs and poems, love is the chief subject.

All the women whom a man loves, or in whom he loves imaginary qualities, are only a fleeting incarnation of the driving force that animates him, of which all his deeds are only a symbol. This symbol may take the form of a clay figure that he carelessly models, or of an epic poem lifted aloft on the wings of enthusiasm. It may be a cold theorem closely bounded by the limits of reason, or it may be a symphony whose sound waves reach beyond the limits of consciousness. Asceticism was invented to stifle this flame; action is only a way of substituting another unattainable image, as impossible to grasp and hold fast. The greatness of any poem is measured by the amount of this force, by its permanence in our hearts, by the energy, the judgment, the clear-sightedness, and the faith that we must summon to combat, to obey, to develop, or to transform this image as we may

desire. The great poet is the man who is incapable of gratifying any love, any representation or symbol of love, and who ceaselessly pursues each real or imaginary incarnation of it.

Compared with an ordinary man, how can we measure Shakespeare in love? Picture, if you can, Shakespeare a prey to passion, follow, if you can, the exultation and ravages of this terrific emotion in his deep soul. It is the only emotion that the profound man always carries in him like an ulcer; the only emotion whose pangs reveal the secret depths of his heart, where precious metals lie embedded. He has, perhaps, been in love five or six times, each time with the hope that he would be in love forever, and therefore for the last time. Each time despair drove him back to his poetry. The great insatiable spirit really never knows and never learns, and cannot and will not learn, that satiety is impossible for it.

He is the constant victim of a ferment whose insistent, encroaching, obstinate presence is made intolerable by the slow, long embrace in which his heart is grasped and his throat strangled, and which consumes him utterly as soon as he finds fuel for it. It eats its way into the marrow of his bones, this terrible fatality of love. He cannot resist it; but, seeing some refreshing prospect ahead, he consents each time to be tortured with thirst in order to drink once again.

There is no common ground between morality and love, except the duration of love itself, which actually is of no duration if it is really love. To know that is to understand the monotonous, terrific drama of Shakespeare. In fact it seems to me that the chief tragedy of humanity was caused by the appearance of conscience in the life of the universe. Love dissimulates or sleeps under many disguises, and,

once it has awakened, everything else takes flight: the honesty of the merchant, the enterprise of the soldier, the gravity of the pedagogue, the pride of the king, the purity of the poor man, the integrity of the judge, and even the callousness of the assassin. The social fabric has been invented to hide its ravages, which in the secret of our hearts overcome all ramparts, all compartments, all the stratifications that have been long established in us by religion and love. Does not universal deception play the leading rôle in the human drama? Is it not precisely this element that brings drama into the hearts of men the very moment it shows its mask or makes one believe that there is a mask on the purest face?

Shakespeare was not one of those men who are willing to leave in the spiritual centre of their being these partitions or these vague stretches dimly dividing the sensual from the spiritual. His sex fastens itself tightly to his heart and to his brain. If the senses are absent from the drama, they drag sentiment out with them. If the senses are flung into the drama, sentiment follows wherever they are pleased to lead it. Shakespeare, who shunned Michelangelo, would have liked Angelo could he have broken the law in saving Isabella's brother from death.

Shakespeare, I think, never killed a man as the loyal Othello did, who showed such gentleness in his blood. But the point is that Shakespeare is less candid than Othello. Othello's capacity for suffering is limited, whereas that of Shakespeare ventures to explore depths from whose dark abyss the thousands of shining stars above are visible, eternally circling in the lyric dance of the universe. Shakespeare loves Othello because he comprehends his weakness. Shakespeare pardons Othello because he knows

that he is not strong enough to seize hold of any new illusion and then go on his way, as Shakespeare would have done. Othello imagines nothing beyond his own suffering. Shakespeare conceives of his suffering as only a moment in his life. Jealousy is the lowest of the passions; but it does not play the rôle it does in paradoxical dramas that give even the greatest passions a double value, here sinister and there resplendent. Jealousy in Shakespeare's breast produces such terrible havoc that the soul is devastated — a fresh world of brilliant sensations and new images invades his heart and lays it waste. The serenity with which he overcomes so many disasters he achieved by knowing that the most horrible tortures are a necessary part of spiritual development. Even when he flames up most magnificently, love is only an assumed spiritual state. Shakespeare triumphs over love because he feels that the spirit of love cannot die in him, even if he deserts Imogen and advises himself to love Imogen no longer.

And in the same way he succeeds in the historical and social drama which expresses itself in war. Too noble not to hate war when it leaves in its bloody track slaughtered children, women driven to despair, men drunk with heartless pride, he nevertheless knows that war plays the same rôle in the souls of nations that love plays in the souls of individuals. All his historical plays in which love does not monopolize the scene, like *Antony and Cleopatra*, have bloodshed for their theme; and bloodshed occurs in his plays where love is the only subject.

'Always war and love.' They alone will ever be the fashion. They are intertwined and bound together like a nest of serpents. Just as love in his sentimental plays has made a pact with death, death in his historical plays

makes a pact with love. The assassins, the fiercest soldiers, the men who live on war and for war, those who make war the instrument of their domination — almost all of them, whether they want to or not, whether they know it or not, bind to a woman's fate, ambition, or thirst for sacrifice, their own ambition, their own fate, their own thirst for sacrifice.

Splendor, horrors of war; splendor, horrors of love. All of that is fundamentally only the splendor and horror of living. Pretexts for murder change like pretexts for love, and no one finds it any harder to justify one than the other; but his soul and its necessities remain. If I feel, in common with Richard III, the ravages that ambition has stirred up in the heart of a king who wants to scatter destruction all over the world, I know with Richard II that the world is ravaged because pity and a sense of honor have stirred in the heart of a prince. I am not unaware that in *Henry V* pride fights for the native country, and that pride fights against the native country in *Coriolanus*. I clearly see in *King Lear* filial love covering the earth with blood, and in *Antony and Cleopatra* carnal love filling the seas with gore. In *King John* civil war is provoked by thirst for tyranny; in *Julius Caesar*, by thirst for liberty.

Nothing but appearance. The moral is that each episode is only one more play in the great game of passions, which run up against one another and derive from conflict the essence of their ardent life. Like a blade of grass whirling about in a rushing stream, man goes down to the abyss choking, his mouth stopped with water, but his face fixed on the sky.

This is not really surprising, because these were the sombre and intoxicating colors in which the world appeared to Shakespeare, which Shakespeare saw

in England and in London at the end of the sixteenth century — the place and time in which the love of life reached the fiercest intensity. Is it indispensable to show the permanent matter of which his spirit was composed? Did those Italian novels, whose pages are singed with love and full of blood and poison, play a part? How important were those English chronicles in which the present is confronted with a past that resembles it, a past of six furious centuries, like that tower whose dark dungeons have never been washed of their blood? If he put murders on the stage, it is because there were murders on the street. When he went out on a hot night, he did not know whether the figure that rushed by him was an assassin or a drunkard, nor what was in that puddle glittering in the light of a smoky lantern.

On the throne sat the daughter of a degenerate tyrant, as full of contrasts as the history of her people, in which bloody orgies and the highest aspiration toward liberty of conscience were in constant conflict. She was a pitiless despot; a great queen, wanton and virginal, affected yet definite as the stroke of an axe; a hypocrite and cynic with a petty soul; a great character, eager for the most driveling flattery, a martyr to royal grandeur.

Nevertheless, good and evil are definitely separated in Shakespeare's mind. He has written the epic of the English race, that monster of unparalleled brutality and of continually broken and re-forming aspirations toward the necessity of keeping up in the world a moral force and a cleansing influence through which everything must pass. Listen to Carlyle's question and the answer that he made: 'Do you English want to abandon your Indian Empire or your Shakespeare? — Indian Em-

pire or no Indian Empire, we cannot do without Shakespeare.' Unquestionably; but was it not Shakespeare who conquered the Indian Empire?

Terror may hold sway; but a fearful singleness of purpose in the crime that Shakespeare runs down and stigmatizes has led to the domination of the English race. Shakespeare is English — a very good Englishman. He loves his spiritual food and his material food, and that is normal. If his head towers high in universal thought, his two feet are firm on English ground, rich, humid, verdant, over which the sea fog blows continually.

Like all good Englishmen he is proud of the English people, of the English nobility, and of the English King. What difference if the fierce Plantagenets left a stream of blood, long and indelible, behind them in history? Royal consciences are surely simple things. A kingly house is chosen by God. A prince of that house wants the crown, and in order to get it he strangles, smothers, or drowns whatever princes, children, women, or men stand between that crown and himself. Thus he becomes the heir, having legitimized his usurpation through murder.

But England has her own kind of virtue, which lies in the intelligent part she plays on the earth and in the heavens. It is a rôle familiar to her royal criminals, whose sins God will punish, but not before He has permitted them to weld English virtue together with their blood. Until he wrote *Hamlet*, Shakespeare seemed to refuse to believe that the conscience of a man can follow — even in the exploitation of his crimes — a different route from that assigned by Christianity, the interests of England, and consciousness of God.

## LORD ROSEBERY

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

From the *Weekly Westminster*, November 10  
(LONDON LIBERAL WEEKLY)

There are three kinds of Statesmen — dead, living, and Elder. — NEW PROVERB

IN the high and far-off times, when the political opinions of eight hundred thousand Liberal electors consisted in a convenient faith in the literal inspiration of Mr. Gladstone, there was inevitably something a trifle depressing in the situation of his junior colleagues. They filled the remaining posts in the Cabinet with suitable dignity; they assisted in the deforestation of Hawarden with becoming gusto; they read, with due solemnity, the Second Lesson; and they were vaguely visible over an eloquent old shoulder in railway carriages between Rugby and Chester. But something, some final touch of political virility, seemed always to be lacking in their composition. Perhaps it was because they were kept too long in the nursery. A lifetime in Eton suits will ruin any man's character; and it resulted that when they came into their inheritance they came like children, some of them rather like spoiled children.

This unhappy inability to grow up — so attractive in children and Conservatives, but so deleterious to the prospects of Liberal leaders — is neatly exemplified in the eternal childhood of Lord Rosebery. His long career has been a painfully protracted adolescence. Sometimes he would play quietly with his toys for years together. But at intervals, swept by those dark impulses which devastate the nursery, he dashed them on the floor and went off to mutter in a corner, leaving his

little friends in tears, and rather enjoying the anxious speculations of the grown-ups as to how soon he would be good again. This pleasing mutability has a certain charm in childhood; it seems to go with the wide stare and the bright curls. But in a statesman it somehow fails to please.

That may explain the limited appreciation of Lord Rosebery. He has always remained political caviar, a morsel of public life which it is rather distinguished to enjoy. Perhaps the reason is that for half a century he has obstinately refused to grow up. As the long years went by, the wide stare grew wider and the bright curls seemed to grow somehow brighter above the smooth face. It is his tragedy that there is no place in English politics for Peter Pan.

In the first phase he was indubitably the white-headed boy of a rather elderly party. Toward the year 1880 the rising hopes of the stern, unbending Liberals were undeniably a little middle-aged. But when Mr. Gladstone traveled north to ingeminate woe from Midlothian on Lord Beaconsfield, the old prophet's hands were held up on his hilltop by a charming acolyte. The young Earl was conspicuously unobtrusive in his leader's wake; and the grateful guest responded with a benign conviction that the bright head of his tactful host would one day wear the crown. The idyll might well have ended in a graceful retirement of the



old king, and quite a charming coronation of his young successor. It was all a little like *King Lear* without Goneril and Regan. But unhappily the Liberal Party abounded in Gonerils. There was a maddening profusion of Regans with talent, with seniority, with superior claims. And Cordelia was a trifle temperamental.

For a few years he drifted absently in and out of minor office. It is not easy to imagine Lord Rosebery at the Home Office and the Board of Works; and his own imagination was not equal to that effort for any length of time. Indeed, he seemed to be playing rather languidly with the toys of politics, until a bright, new gift absorbed his whole attention.

It was, perhaps, unfortunate that his convictions on the sole subject in which he took an interest were in almost direct opposition to those of his party and of his aged leader. That facile imagination had been captured by the vague appeal of Empire, by the vivid image of a British Minister controlling once more the destinies of Europe. The bright vision was scarcely in accord with the humbler requirements of contemporary Liberalism, and it gravely contravened the simple principle of Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy, which was to do on any occasion what Lord Palmerston would not have done.

Lord Rosebery's Imperialism would have been barely noticeable in a Conservative. But for a Liberal it was a notable piece of thinking. It resulted, since original thought is distasteful to well-disciplined parties, that his harmless taste for African protectorates, and his anxious eye on Franco-Russian policy, were watched with grave alarm by most good Liberals. Sir William Harcourt was startled by the 'attempt to make another India in Africa'; and when he sent some naval returns to his

dangerous colleague — 'they will gladden your Jingo soul' — he could not resist 'one scruple in sending you this paper, and that is lest you should draw the natural inference that the wisest and most prudent thing you could possibly do is to go to war at once, when you can easily destroy all the navies in existence.'

The humor concealed a deeper discord. Lord Rosebery was suspected, with reason, of Disraelian leanings. He saw his country as the centre of an Empire, and that Empire as the centre of an unfriendly world. He regarded reform at home as the best means of fitting England to play its part in the world. It was his tragedy that, by some odd mischance, he led a party that regarded reform at home as an end in itself and foreign policy merely as a regrettable necessity. His youth, his wealth, his sudden promotion invite a graceful reference to Prince Charming. But it seemed in 1894 as though the fairy tale had got somehow wrong. Undeniably, when he sounded his horn, he passed the castle gate and won the princess. Yet, by a singular omission, they failed to live happily ever afterward.

The consequences, when they came, were brief and dreadful. The intercourse of Ministers had reached a high standard of unpleasantness in Mr. Gladstone's later Cabinets, which were reported by scared observers to be 'very rough, very rough,' or 'heated and very Harcourty.' But they soared under Lord Rosebery to a crescendo of discomfort, from which his unhappy followers were only released by a welcome defeat. They parted company with obvious relief. Perhaps the fallen Earl was a little relieved also, since it was the diagnosis of a shrewd old man that 'he funk'd the future which he saw before him — that he felt called upon to say something on politics

in general and give a lead, and that he did not know what to say and so took up his hat and departed.'

Such was the inglorious exit of Prince Charming from the enchanted castle. The talisman had worked, beyond a doubt; but perhaps it was the wrong castle. One is left with an awkward suspicion that Lord Rosebery was never politically at ease in the company of Liberals. In the case of Mr. Gladstone, he had been willing to overlook his Liberalism, much as Elisha might have tolerated some imperfection in the cut of Elijah's mantle. But when the fiery chariot had done its work he became more critical of the garment.

His distaste for the Irish facet of Liberalism had been barely concealed before; and when it revealed an awkward tendency to correct inequalities of wealth by drastic taxation he became frankly panic-stricken. By an unhappy accident he foresaw the same catastrophe twice over; once in 1894 and again in 1909 Liberal finance evoked from Rosebery a hollow prediction of 'the end of all.' But the cataclysm, so impressively announced, omitted to take place; and the soothsayer silently withdrew after a double event which would have proved fatal to the reputation of a Major Prophet.

Such was the brief, uneasy contact of Lord Rosebery with English politics. In 1896 he swept the pieces off the board and refused to play.

In only one of his diverse pursuits Lord Rosebery seemed to grow up. Racing is always childish; and party politics, as he conducted them, were mainly puerile. But the writing of such English prose as his is the work of a grown man. His reputation in writing seems to have suffered from his other careers. It is so incredible that a Prime Minister should be a stylist; and the Royal Enclosure seems

the last place to find a prose-writer. Yet, somehow in a brief interlude between two Governments and in the longer leisure which followed his last retirement, he found time, even found energy, to write consummately well. Always a master of the memorial address, — his later public life has been spent among centenaries, and the uncomplaining statues of the distinguished dead, — he brought to the larger forms of historical writing an unusual talent.

He wrote with a speaker's aptitude for compression; flitting notions were caught and pinned to the page by the sharp turn of his wit; richly allusive, vividly phrased, more than a trifle Asiatic, his prose was a full and honorable employment of ideas and language. Perhaps the best of it is found in a slight green book which he wrote for a mother on that other broken column of English politics, the interrupted, sad career of Randolph Churchill: —

Many have risen to the highest place with far less of endowment. And even with his unfulfilled promise he must be remembered as one of the most meteoric of parliamentary figures, as the shooting star of politics. . . . He will be pathetically memorable, too, for the dark cloud which gradually enveloped him, and in which he passed away. He was the chief mourner at his own protracted funeral, a public pageant of gloomy years. Will he not be remembered as much for the anguish as for the fleeting triumphs of his life? It is a black moment when the heralds proclaim the passing of the dead, and the great officers break their staves. But it is sadder still when it is the victim's own voice that announces his decadence, when it is the victim's own hands that break the staff in public. I wonder if generations to come will understand the pity of it. . . .

That is how he wrote of Lord Randolph Churchill; I had almost written it of Lord Rosebery.

## A PAGE OF VERSE

### SONG

BY THOMAS HARDY

[*The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall*]

LET's meet again to-night, my Fair,  
Let's meet unseen of all;  
The day-god labors to his lair,  
And then the evenfall!

O living lute, O lily-rose,  
O form of fantasie,  
When torches waste and warders doze,  
Steal to the stars will we!

While nodding knights carouse at meat  
And shepherds shamble home,  
We'll cleave in close embracements  
— sweet  
As honey in the comb!

### MIDSUMMER

BY GEORGE RYLANDS

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

ALONG the sun-baked undercliff  
The white bloom of the blackberry  
blows:

The sea shimmers: a salt sea whiff  
Hangs between the high hedgerows.

The lane climbs up from yellow sand  
Through fields of yellowing corn: but  
steep

The honeysuckle hedges stand.  
We tunnel through a world asleep,  
Winding a narrow way, until  
A wave of sweet, hay-scented air  
Breathlessly lands us on the hill.

Never stood such a lovesick pair  
In such a place: love never yet  
Paid pleasure such small recompense.  
On a March morning here we met  
Three months ago; and three months  
hence

On a September evening we  
Shall part with but one glance of pain.

Within the foxglove bell the bee  
Noisily honey-hunts. Up the lane  
Flashes a dragon fly. Too soon  
The hours rest even in the scale  
And forenoon tilts to afternoon;  
Pale evening weighs down morning  
pale.

The twelve strokes of the midday chime  
Ring through the silence of my brain;  
And folded on the dial of Time  
The hands point heavenward again.  
High at the zenith burns the sun,  
Deep at the nadir night lies drown'd:  
And half the course of love is run:  
Midsummer passes without sound.

I turned a bend and came on you  
In this same lane three months ago,  
Suspended in a gulf of blue:  
Ocean and Heaven planned it so.

Three months hence, when we hear the  
hum

Of threshing up the combe and see  
Across the stubble gleaners come,  
Let us part gladly, silently,  
And standing in the autumn haze  
Let fall the gathered sheaf of hours,  
As children after long, bright days  
Turn home and scatter drooping  
flowers.

### STARS

BY F. W. HARVEY

[*Spectator*]

NOTHING more friendly, old,  
Man knows on earth than these  
Bright shapes that shepherds and  
sailors have blessed  
In fields: on seas.

Yet millions of strange years  
They, set in Heaven's dark face,  
Have sung of loneliness, dancing  
To empty space.

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### THE POST-REVOLUTIONARY POETS OF RUSSIA

A VOLUME of selected Russian poems — two or three by each of the forty or more contributors — has been published in Berlin. Most of the contributors are still living. Those that are not might be, for Alexander Block succumbed under the conditions of life in Russia in 1921, and Nicholas Gumilev was shot without trial by the Bolshevik Government. The choice of poems has evidently not been inspired by any partisan tendency, for poetical reminiscences of clearly bourgeois inspiration live peacefully under the same cover with a pæan to the Revolution by the poet-laureate of the Moscow Government, Vladimir Maiakovskii, who is so fascinated by the unfathomable contradictions of the social upheaval that he cites that well-known story of revolutionary sailors who sank a ship and swam back to it when they heard an abandoned kitten miaow in a cabin, only to return in a few minutes to their job of hurling admirals and other superior officers headlong down from a bridge. He concludes, 'Thou, Revolution, cursed thrice by the smug citizen! I, the poet, bless thee four times in return!'

There are not many officially recognized poets in Red Russia, and the volume in question plainly shows why: the memories of things they lived through in the recent years inspire the poets, with very few exceptions, not to pæans but to creations of a different character. Some of them one is inclined to call masterpieces. There is a picture of civil war by Maximilian Voloshin, called 'The Red Spring.' Its sincerity of feeling is the only justification of its appalling imagery; and it ends by saying that

That year all winter was a Passion Week,  
And the Red May intertwined with a bloody  
Easter.

But Christ did not arise that spring.

Vladimir Posner contributed 'A Ballad on a Deserter,' to whom

The battles are not hard, and the marching easy,  
and the rifle weighs not,

But to-day is war, and yesterday war, and to-morrow will war be again;  
And at home are the babies, at home is the old father and mother, at home is the wife,  
And yesterday war, and to-day is war, and peace will never come. . . .

The bewildered peasant deserts, and on the fourth day of hungry wandering through the woods is eaten by wolves.

A short and terse poem by Elizaveta Polonskaia breathes something Biblical and prophetic: —

In memory of the hard year,  
Nation, set apart  
Seven days' remembrance of Liberty,  
And transmit it from father to son.

Thou shalt divide a scant loaf of bread,  
And gather the crumbs off the blade;  
In the cold stove thou shalt in vain  
Again and again turn over the ashes.

The gloomy mother shall feed her child,  
Like a hungry young wolf,  
A stored-away, hidden piece of food,  
And everything shall be as in those days. . . .

'Is it not strange we shall forget it all?' the same poet asks in another place. 'We shall forget the value . . . of a chunk of birch wood, a handful of salt, a pitcher of milk . . . and the little granddaughter will laugh at her grandmother, seeing her carefully store away a hard crust of bread. . . .'

Two lines in a poem by Vladislav Hodasevich speak of a human soul laid waste by seven years of war, revolution, and civil war: —

The years go by. I want no future  
And the past has burned out in my soul.

Hardly any of the poetry in the little volume exhibits any false sentiment or sentimentality, or playing with mere words — another break from tradition, but of course a mere trifle where so many things have been broken.



#### AMONG THE LOST ARTS

IN a stirring appeal to the patriotism of the youth of France, Senator Le Roux describes the gastronomic crisis with which his motherland is being faced. French prestige in the kitchen has always been at least as overpowering as her present political preponderance in Europe, and she values it no less highly. Immediately after the war there was, of course, a natural slight decline in the national art, but now that young men have had time to get adjusted to this wonderful new world of ours, and must find jobs in it, they are worrying their elders by preferring the factory to the stove.

Without any exaggeration the state of affairs is a serious one. The French budget depends not a little on the horde of tourists, chiefly American, who spend good gold abroad. Senator Le Roux has visited the United States many times and says our food is so terrible that it is no wonder we like to come to France and indulge our stomachs. He goes on to assert that our successful business men get such good food in France that they return to our shores like giants refreshed, for, to perform its functions properly, the brain must be well fortified from below.

According to M. Francis Carton, the President of the Société des cuisines de Paris, the difficulty is that people want leisure and can get it. The hours of labor are restricted by law, and besides no one wants to work late at night. The only hope is that the Senate may

be willing to make certain dispensations, sketched out by M. Carton, to this glorious profession, to which Senator Le Roux promises his support. If he fails, cooking will join the other lost arts — such as staining glass and drinking — of an earlier and richer civilization.



#### THE FRENCH ACADEMY ELECTS

FOR all practical purposes the numbers of the 'Forty Immortals' in the French Academy have been for some time reduced to thirty. There have been six vacancies; three new members have not yet been officially received, and Clemenceau has never condescended to take his seat. A short time ago an attempt was made to fill three of the six vacancies, the result being that only two members were chosen. For the seat left empty by the death of M. Ribot, Maître Henri Robert was elected on the first ballot. He is the most distinguished criminal lawyer of the last half-century, having defended General Michel, who was accused in 1920 of having conspired to surrender Mauberge. In a dozen other sensational trials he has been almost invariably successful.

M. Édouard Estaunié, an engineer who drifted into literature, is the other new Immortal. His third novel, *L'Empreinte*, was crowned by the Academy in 1896, and his other work includes *Solitudes*, *L'Ascension de M. Baslèvre*, and *L'Appel de la Route*. He now occupies M. Capus's chair, to which he was elected on the third ballot over the playwright André Rivoire and M. le Goffic, a literary man and confidant of General Foch.

The contest for the seat of the late Jean Aicard again resulted in four fruitless ballots between Abel Hermant, the journalist, and Louis Madelin, the historian, who have already opposed



each other three times for the coveted honor. M. Madelin received the most votes, but a third candidate in the person of M. Dorchain prevented him from gaining a majority.

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#### THE SYMPHONIES OF MAHLER

MAHLER's symphonies can now be found on concert programmes about as often as the symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, and Chaikovskii, says *Dni*, a Berlin daily. It may even be said that the musical public has a definite liking for Mahler, which the musical directors take into account. Nearly all of Mahler's symphonies call for a choir and twice as many soloists and instruments as any other pieces of orchestral music. None the less, his gigantic Eighth Symphony has been played several times during recent months, and in the near future a complete cycle of all of Mahler's symphonies will be presented. The orchestra conductor Bruno Walter — one of the best interpreters of this composer — has recently presented the Second Symphony, called the 'Symphony of Resurrection.' This, like the other works of the Austrian master, reflects the modern man with his disturbed spirit, his endless contradictions and contrasts, his longing for enlightenment. Contrary to popular opinion, it is this Faustian character more than its technical grandeur that is the foundation of the success of Mahler's music.

The most striking trait of Mahler's interpreter, Bruno Walter, is his ability to bring out the spirit and character of the whole work without losing himself in devotion to the execution of details.

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#### A PROHIBITED OPERA

*Corriere della Sera* prints an interesting account of Umberto Giordano's music to Sem Benelli's *Cena delle Beppe*. The

score could neither appear in print nor be produced on the stage, because ten years ago Sem Benelli sold the libretto rights to an author who would neither avail himself of them nor renounce them. When Umberto Giordano was writing music for the *Cena delle Beppe*, he knew of this complication. But, says he, 'a new, rich, passionate music emerged in my mind. What should I do with it? Apply it to a libretto other than that of the *Cena delle Beppe*? No, that would have been a crime.' And he decided to write the music: 'They can forbid me to produce my opera, but not to write it. And for me, to write it is a delight. The real joy consists in creating. . . .'

Until recently Giordano could not even secure the publishing rights and for three years the opera did not leave his private study. The writer's wife alone was initiated into the details of the work, and the two used to speak of the personages and episodes of the libretto as they would of their own children. Now, to his overwhelming joy, Giordano has secured, by means of a peaceful and friendly compromise with the former owner of the libretto, the right to produce his opera on the stage.

★

#### FILM AND FLAG

'TRADE follows the film' is the new variation of an old saying to which England is now listening with alarm. The feeble condition of the British motion picture is almost proverbial, but improvement may be shortly expected, as the Prince of Wales is giving the matter his public attention. What the *Morning Post* proposes is that every effort be made to develop the British film industry for the purpose of spreading the Imperial idea along with a good dose of healthy English patriotism. The popularity of American

movies, it is asserted, has done more to 'boost' this country abroad than anything else, and it is stated that we took advantage of the possibilities of the motion picture chiefly with the idea of spreading our devastating influence all over the globe. After warning us to expect a little 'friendly rivalry,' the *Morning Post* concludes its plea as follows:—

We are becoming tired of those clean-shaven jaws, those childlike eyes and pouting lips, those unending Main Streets, those Ford cars, above all, those wearisome monetary transactions which give the impression that one half of the world is perpetually seeking to 'do' the other. Why cannot we have something British for a change? Why cannot we have on the screen the faces, the streets, and the countryside of England? Why cannot we have something of home?

And if we in these islands suffer from this nostalgia inside the picture palace, what must be the feelings of our kith and kin abroad when they find that in film land America is first and the Mother Country nowhere? At this moment we understand that it is exceedingly difficult to find a real British film in the whole of Australia. Let our Imperialists then be up and doing and advertise their films as they once advertised their flag.

#### A NEW ANIMAL

REPORTS from Africa are making zoölogists wonder if the Dark Continent has yet revealed all its animal inhabitants to the eye of man. It was not long ago that the okapi was discovered and there seems no reason to suppose that this would be the last new beast that we should find. In all the remote districts white men can only travel by day, and at night they must stick close to the camp, which makes it likely that the forests may hold some secrets from us still.

What gives strength to this suspicion is the discovery of some fossil bones

belonging to a bearlike creature equipped with a clawed foot. These bones were found on the shores of Lake Albert in Uganda. Palæontologists agree that the living animal was an herbivorous swamp-dweller resembling the hyena in shape. Some of the remains are so recent that it may be the animal still exists. Unlike the okapi, which resembles the giraffe, this new creature has no living counterpart. Therefore, if a specimen is found, zoölogists will have reason to give thanks.



#### THE UNPREDICTABLE MR. HARDY

WITH the laurels won by a long row of novels—a goodish proportion of which are universally acclaimed as great art—firmly bound on his brow, and with other laurels constantly descending as the due meed of his poetry, which the great pessimist is reported to take more seriously than his novels, Thomas Hardy probably has as secure a hold on literary immortality as any man writing in England to-day. A lesser man would be 'written out' and living in well-earned retirement. Not so Mr. Hardy, who is perpetually bursting forth with a new poem, or a new collection like *Late Lyrics and Earlier*, or, as he has just done, with a play, practically his sole venture in dramatic form—for, however great *The Dynasts* may be, it is not quite actable drama.

Mr. Hardy has found in the sad old tale of Tristram and Iseult the substance of his play, which has just been given its first performance at Dorchester at the hands of a group of amateurs who call themselves the 'Hardy Players.' One of these lyrics appears on A Page of Verse. Simultaneously with its first appearance on the stage, the play is appearing in print.

## BOOKS ABROAD

**Tales of Travel**, by the Marquess of Curzon of Kedleston. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1923. 28s.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

IN these tales of travel we find Lord Curzon incidentally acquiring much information that was to serve him later in diplomacy; he writes, however, not as a diplomatist, but as the young man who was to become gold medalist and President of the Royal Geographical Society. There is no reference to controversial politics, and hardly any to recent events. We recognize in the narrator a certain masterfulness which has come to be associated with him in the public mind. It is to be found in the promptitude with which he takes the shortest way to his ends; in a robust humor which asserts itself with a youngster's irresponsibility and indifference to the possible resentment of those on whom the pranks are played; and also in the confidence with which he states the course of past events and the relation of cause and effect. But the confidence is not presumption; it is based on a previous careful study of all the available facts and not on hasty conclusions — on animation, not on unconcern.

Mr. Curzon — the writer is Mr. Curzon throughout nearly all the events he relates — loves dressing the part. We find this amiable propensity combining with his capacity for detail in the costume he ordered for himself when Ameer Abdur Rahman Khan consented to receive him in 1894. This was a visit demanding courage; there was no precedent for the reception of a private Englishman other than one employed by the Afghan Court; the Government of India declined all responsibility for the visitor's safety. But he knew that the Afghans would regard him as the official representative of his country. In those days he was without decorations or effective uniform. Such defects were to Mr. Curzon merely freedom from limitations. When the theatrical costumiers had done with him, his epaulettes alone filled a hatbox.

He made his way down the valley of the Oxus, after visiting the Pamirs, to determine its source, and when riding with one companion in advance of his party was arrested as a Russian spy by an Afghan havildar who knew that he was the expected visitor, but wished to assert his authority. The story is an adventure by itself, and ends with the excuse of the havildar to the Ameer: 'He was still awaiting the arrival of the great English Lord Sahib who would no doubt presently appear in uniform with an escort of 1000 men. In the meantime two of the Lord Sahib's servants had

already passed through with an insignificant following.' The excuse, Lord Curzon surmises, availed him little. The Ameer ruled by terror, of which many instances are given: he is said to have killed 120,000 of his own people, and brooked no disobedience. Lord Curzon describes his experiences in detail and with vivacity. He gives a prose version of Mr. Kipling's 'Ballad of the King's Jest.'

**Judas**, by T. Sturge Moore. London: Grant Richards, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*Observer*]

THERE is one passage in which Mr. Sturge Moore rises to the height of his difficult theme. The first two parts of his poem leave the reader interested, at times awed, but too aware all the time of the fact that the poet is challenging comparison with the supremest story in literature. He begins his narrative just after the betrayal; he shows us Judas's tortured, self-analyzing mind revolving and revolving on all the details of the last actions and speeches of his Master. Often Mr. Sturge Moore quotes the words of Jesus; and we could wish that, when he did so, he had kept more closely to the familiar English of our Bible. The poem is never lacking in dignity, but somehow one is not moved as one expects.

Then in the third part comes a change. It opens with the scene in which Judas flings back the thirty pieces of silver. The abandonment of the bribe accomplishes some strange release on his soul. Judas is one in desire again with the Master he used to love. He feels that Jesus is with him — and in the lines describing this Mr. Sturge Moore reaches a high standard of nervous, compressed poetry: —

His cares are ended, his accounts wound up;  
He need not think, but, like a well-loved brother  
Returning to his father's house, walk on  
As though assured of welcome. Half-tranced,  
he mounts

That outside stair, crosses the roof, enters  
The guestroom where they supped two nights  
ago;

Where now ten mourners lounge with sunken  
heads;

And Thomas nearest, like a lump of lead  
Shaped by portentous grief into a man.  
As though the last two days had never been  
Judas stoops — lifts that head out of its hands,  
And their eyes meet — his stare at blubbered  
eyes —

Watch loathing leap to life there; and yet, he  
muses,

'This was the first disciple whom I won  
When I from John had leave to preach — this  
man  
That spits out at me.' Then he feels forlorn  
Who felt so closely comradely till then.  
'Didst thou not see who entered with me,  
Thomas?'  
'Who?' 'The Master.' Inconceivably surprised  
The other glared at Judas, who felt compelled  
To try to smile like Jesus — felt he failed  
Yet still persisted. . . . Were they both one  
dream?

From this point Mr. Moore's presentation is of a dazed, half-mad, distraught Judas wandering in lanes and alleyways, remembering, remembering, and tormented. The visions in the last part, especially the confrontation of Judas by his wife Sara, have a clear and candid beauty, something of fanciful hope and of that legend with which the Middle Ages liked to dower the dreadful figure of the betrayer. Yet these passages, like the earlier, are not altogether satisfactory, because we cannot be certain with what philosophical belief Mr. Sturge Moore approaches the man who is, after all, the chief figure in his poem, although he scarcely appears. Your vision of Judas, your judgment of Judas must, after all, depend on what you think of Christ; whether you think Judas was consciously betraying the Truth, or believed himself to be encouraging a faint-hearted patriot, or delivering to Roman justice a half-crazed fanatic. Mr. Sturge Moore seems to incline to an opinion somewhere between the first and second; but he leaves it too uncertain, with the result that his poem is philosophically incomplete.

**Adventures in Journalism**, by Philip Gibbs.  
London: Heinemann, 1923. 15s.

[*Morning Post*]

It may be that the eastern and western fringes of Fleet Street are inclined to view with Olympian disdain the straining after 'stories,' 'stunts,' and 'scoops,' with their futilities, petty rivalries, and jealousies, that marks the twenty-four hours a day struggle in the so-called Street of Adventure. But their appreciation of big work in journalism done with a fellow craftsman's competence and joyousness in his calling is restricted by no arbitrary geographical boundary.

The newspaper is an exigent taskmaster. It demands of its servants unceasing vigilance, unhesitating loyalty, continuous self-sacrifice. It is a machine which insidiously but surely absorbs into itself the human factors, making them the slaves, outwardly mutinous but inwardly eager, of its imperious will. From most it requires self-obliviation; to others it accords the limelight, the understanding being implicit that such honor

carries with it a duty of redoubled devotion. Philip Gibbs has spent twenty years of his life in Fleet Street. In peace and war he has traveled everywhere and seen everything worth seeing. In the pursuit of his vocation he has been under arrest in different countries, in danger of his life in divers and peculiar conditions; and in a volume he has sketched, without undue egotism, the fascinations and miseries of the life as it unfolded itself to him. Several times he broke with journalism.

'But always I went back. The lure of the adventure was too strong. It was, after all, a great game! It is still one of the best games in the world for any young man with quick eyes and a sense of humor, some touch of quality in his use of words, and curiosity in his soul for the truth and pageant of our human drama, provided he keeps his soul unsullied from the dirt. Looking back on my own career as a journalist I know that I would not change it for any other.'

Sir Philip touches but slightly on the Great War, with which he has dealt fully elsewhere, but a personal incident in the early days of upheaval is worth retelling. He was returning to the front and, to his great vexation, missed by a minute the train by which tried and trusted colleagues were traveling.

"Take a special train," said my wife.

'The idea startled me, not having the mentality or resources of a millionaire.

"It's worth it," said my wife, who is a woman of big ideas.

'I turned to the station-master, who was standing at the closed gates of the Continental platform.

"How long would it take you to provide a special train?"

'He smiled. "No longer than it would take you to pay over the money."

"How much?"

"Twenty-two pounds."

'I consulted my wife again, with raised eyebrows, and she nodded.

'I went into a little office, half undressed, and pulled out of my pelt a pile of French gold pieces. By the time they had been counted and a receipt given — no more than three minutes — there was a train with an engine and three carriages, a driver and a guard, ready for me on the line to Dover. My small boy gazed in awe and admiration at the magic trick. . . . At Dover I was only one minute behind the express I had lost.'



#### BOOKS MENTIONED

HARDY, THOMAS. *The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall*. London and New York: Macmillan, 1923.

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